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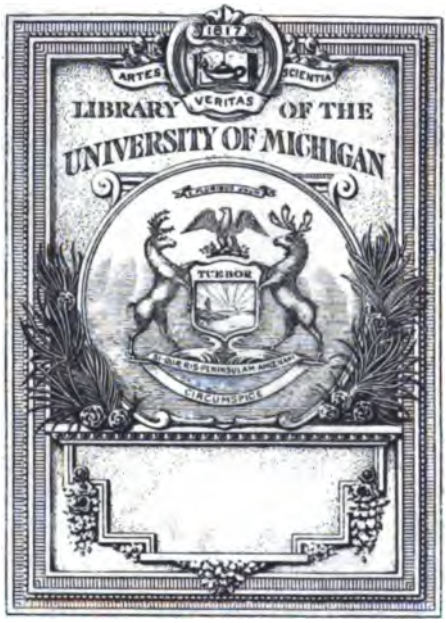
AM RICE

Memorial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Rice, William North

WILLIAM RICE

A Memorial

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Printed at the Riverside Press
1898

Rice, William North

WILLIAM RICE

A Memorial

CAMBRIDGE
Printed at the Riverside Press
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IN MEMORIAM — WILLIAM RICE

PRESIDENT W. F. WARREN

Up the stairway crystalline,
Out of night
Into light
Hast thou passed
Home at last,
All men's brother, brother mine!

Thee our hearts cannot forget,
Living tome,
Light of home,
Joy of guest,
Wisest, best,
All men's brother, brother yet!

In the light that 's crystalline,
To the end,
Faithful friend, —
Tireless, free,
Eternally, —
Us remember, brother mine!

Zion's Herald, Aug. 25, 1897.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

WILLIAM RICE

1821–1897

WILLIAM RICE was a descendant in the seventh generation from Edmund Rice, who was born in England about 1594, settled in Sudbury, Massachusetts, in 1639, soon after removed to Marlboro in the same colony, and died in 1663. Nathan Rice, the grandfather of William, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War. William Rice, the father of the subject of the present sketch, was born in Belchertown, Mass., in 1788. His youth and early manhood were spent chiefly in Wilbraham, Mass., but in 1818 he removed to Springfield, where he resided the remainder of his life. There he engaged for a time in mercantile business, but in 1830 he was elected Register of Deeds for Hampden County, a position which he held for thirty years. In 1838, he was elected County Treasurer, and for eighteen years he held both these offices. He was a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a generous contributor to all three of the

Methodist churches in Springfield, which were founded before his death, and a leader in their councils. He was one of the founders of Wesleyan Academy, giving one third of the land on which the institution was located. His wife was Jerusha Warriner, a descendant of William Warriner, who settled in Springfield in 1640.

Their son William was born in Springfield, March 10, 1821. He studied in the public schools of Springfield, and then in Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, from which he was graduated in 1840. In his academic course, he took a good position as a student, and especially distinguished himself as a writer and speaker. In the debates of the Young Men's Debating Club and Lyceum he took an eager interest, and the training which he gained in that association was of great service in the conflicts of later years. His mind was eminently active and inquisitive; and, though he entered upon his professional career without the advantage of college training, he was all his life an enthusiastic reader. His reading was by no means confined to those subjects especially related to his profession, but covered a very wide range in literature, history, and philosophy. He acquired an extraordinary fund of general information. His mind never lost its eager desire for knowledge. At the age of seventy, he was

as hospitable to new ideas, and as capable of enriching his mind by the possession of new truth, as at the age of twenty. He received from Wesleyan University the degree of Master of Arts in 1853, and that of Doctor of Divinity in 1876.

The completion of his academic course was followed by some months of rest, required by the state of his health. In 1841, he was received as a probationer in the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The next sixteen years of his life were spent in the duties of the pastorate. His successive appointments were North Malden (now Melrose), Saugus, Marblehead, North Russell Street (now Grace Church) in Boston, South Street in Lynn, Park Street (now Walnut Street) in Chelsea, Chicopee, Bromfield Street in Boston, and, again, Park Street in Chelsea. With the exception of Chicopee, the churches which he served are in the immediate vicinity of Boston, and are included in the panorama from the top of Bunker Hill Monument. At the close of the first year of his second pastorate in Chelsea, his health gave way to an attack of laryngitis, which assumed a chronic form, incapacitating him for the duties of the pulpit. He accordingly removed to Springfield, the home of his childhood, where his father was still residing.

It is an interesting fact, and one not often paralleled in the migratory life of our American communities, that the house which was the home of the later years of the two William Rices, father and son, stood on land assigned to the ancestor of Jerusha Warriner, the wife and mother, in the early distribution of land among the families that settled in Springfield.

Rest from the severe strain of pastoral service soon wrought improvement in health; and, although he never resumed pastoral service, he preached frequently. He served as occasional or stated supply for churches of various denominations, and for many years acted as chaplain of the jail and house of correction in Springfield. In that capacity he rendered no formal and perfunctory service, but became deeply interested in the moral and religious welfare of the unhappy men to whom he ministered.

Very early in life, he became profoundly interested in the antislavery reform. While a student in Wesleyan Academy, he organized an antislavery society, and for this offense he narrowly escaped severe discipline. While sympathizing profoundly with the early Abolitionists in their sense of the wrong of slavery, he never shared in their hostility to the constitution of the country, and never approved their policy of abstinence from [illegible] duties of citizen-

ship. His views, therefore, led him, logically and naturally, into the Liberty Party at its first formation; and it was a memory which he cherished in his later life with great satisfaction, that he voted for the presidential candidates of that party in 1844. Twelve years later, the Republican Party of 1856 found in him not a new recruit, but one of the advance guard, which had been holding for years the position of constitutional opposition to the extension of slavery, before the iniquities of the Nebraska Bill and the Lecompton Constitution roused the conscience of the whole Northern people.

The year 1856 was marked not only by a most important and exciting struggle over the slavery question in national politics; it was also a time of great excitement in the Methodist Episcopal Church in regard to a phase of the same burning question. Twelve years before, the attitude of the church had been so far pronounced in opposition to slavery as to result in the disruption of the church, and the secession of the Southern conferences to form the Methodi[illegible] C[illegible] the time [illegible] in th[illegible] ction [illegible]nces [illegible] had [illegible]e. In [illegible]e

1856, the growing antislavery sentiment in many of the Northern conferences demanded that the church should assume an attitude toward slavery so uncompromising as to exclude slaveholders from its membership. This discussion was the chief matter of interest and excitement in the General Conference of 1856, and to that General Conference William Rice was elected a delegate, as a representative of the antislavery sentiment of the New England Conference.

Twenty years later, he was again elected to the General Conference, although at that time he had retired from the pastorate, and was not serving in any of the official positions of the church.

An important act of the General Conference in 1876 was the determination to give to the church a new Hymnal. William Rice was a member of the Commission of fifteen appointed for this work. Intensely interested in poetry, and especially in hymnology, he entered into this service with great enthusiasm. He gave much time and labor to the work, and was undoubtedly one of the most influential members of the Commission. When the Hymnal had been completed, and adopted by the Commission and accepted by the Bishops, he was chairman of the committee for its publication.

During the earlier years of his residence in

Springfield, he prepared and published two books, designed chiefly for the assistance of his brethren in the ministry. These were "Moral and Religious Quotations from the Poets," published by the Methodist Book Concern in 1860, and "Pastor's Manual," published by Roderick Burt, Springfield, in 1863.

In 1861, the City Library Association of Springfield elected William Rice Librarian. The Association had been recently organized, and had inherited two small libraries which had belonged to associations that had ceased to exist. The small collection of books was in a room in the City Hall, the use of which was granted by the city government. When the new librarian entered upon his work, neither he nor the directors of the association had any conception of the growth which the institution was to achieve. In the early years, the librarian, almost without assistance, attended to the clerical work of the administration of the library, even mending worn-out books with his own hands to save the expense of sending them to the binder, while soliciting donations and organizing lecture courses to secure funds for the increase of the library. During all his connection with the library, he had substantially the sole responsibility for the selection of books; and for this duty he was fitted by his extensive

and varied reading, and the breadth alike of his intelligence and of his intellectual sympathy. The same catholicity of taste and feeling enabled him to be very useful as a guide to the readers and students in the library. In 1871, the library, which had long since outgrown its quarters in the City Hall, was transferred to the building on State Street, now called the William Rice Building. In 1885, the nominal fee for the use of the library was abolished, and it became a free public library. Thenceforward its income was increased by annual appropriations made by the city government. At the time of William Rice's death, in 1897, the library numbered more than ninety-nine thousand volumes.

During all his life, William Rice was profoundly interested in the work of public education, in all grades from the primary school to the university. In 1863, he was appointed a member of the Board of Education of the State of Massachusetts, and held that position for eighteen years. While he gave much attention to the general questions which came before the board for consideration, the special care of the Normal School in the neighboring town of Westfield was naturally assigned to him, and to its interests he devoted much time and labor, being the constant counselor and the trusted friend of its teachers. In the years 1865–1882,

he served on the School Committee of the city of Springfield, and was untiring in his efforts for the improvement of the public schools in their material equipment and in their tone of scholarly work. In 1858, he became a member of the board of trustees of Wesleyan Academy, at Wilbraham. He was Secretary of the board from 1860 to 1882, and President of the board from 1882 until his death. In 1875, he was elected a trustee of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and that position also he held until his death. His interest in the cause of education and his loyalty to the church of his birth and of his choice made him the devoted friend of these important institutions, and the demands of official duty upon his time and thought were responded to freely and lovingly.

As a boy and youth, William Rice was far from possessing robust health, and, at the conclusion of his academic course, he could not have expected a long life. It was, indeed, in part owing to the comparatively feeble state of his health that he decided not to enter college. When compelled to retire from pastoral work in 1857, he supposed that his life work was done. The event proved, however, that he possessed a toughness of fibre which enabled him to pass the limit of threescore and ten, notwithstanding the inroads upon his constitution

made by several severe illnesses. In the opening of the summer of 1897, he was apparently in rather better health than usual. In the early part of July, he suffered from a slight illness, from which, however, he seemed to recover. On the 1st of August, symptoms of dysentery appeared, and it was soon recognized that his condition was critical. Even then, his family could not but hope that the same power of endurance which had again and again triumphed over what seemed even severer attacks, would gain one more victory; but their hopes were destined to disappointment. His constitution had been too much impaired by previous conflicts with disease, and the last battle had come. The weakness induced by disease incapacitated him in the last days for serious conversation, but he listened with hearty appreciation to the repetition of some of the hymns that he had so dearly loved, and particularly to that beautiful hymn of Newman's, —

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom."

He died August 17th, 1897.

Funeral services were held August 20th, at the home, and at Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church. The prayer at the home was offered by Rev. David H. Ela, D. D. Rev. J. O. Knowles, D. D., the Presiding Elder of the district, pre-

sided over the services at the church. Addresses were delivered by Professor Samuel F. Upham, D. D., of Drew Theological Seminary, and Rev. William R. Clark, D. D. Prayer was offered by Rev. William Rice Newhall, D. D., Principal of Wesleyan Academy, whose father had been one of the dearest friends of William Rice's early manhood. The pastor of Trinity Church, with which for many years the family had been associated, was absent in Europe at the time of the death and funeral. He took an early opportunity, after his return, to deliver, in the church, a memorial sermon. The work of William Rice as Librarian of the City Library Association, the great work of the latter half of his life, was recognized in a memorial service held November 16th.

The wife, two sons, and one daughter survive the husband and father. William Rice was married September 13th, 1843. His wife was Caroline Laura, daughter of William North, of Lowell, Mass. The two sons are William North Rice, Professor in Wesleyan University, and Charles Francis Rice, a member of the New England Conference. The daughter is Caroline Laura, the wife of Morris B. Crawford, Professor in Wesleyan University. One son, Edward Hyde Rice, died in 1895.

EDITORIAL NOTICES

FROM

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN

[redacted]

EDITORIAL

AUGUST 18, 1897

THERE will be profound regret in the fatal termination of the illness of Rev. Dr. William Rice. The end came at 12 o'clock yesterday. It was not unexpected; for, since his serious attack of dysentery, the gravity of the situation for one of his age has been fully realized. The community has been hoping against hope that one who had shown such reserve of strength in other emergencies might yet again be spared.

This death carries with it a community's bereavement. The city has had no citizen who contributed more constantly and wisely than William Rice to her advancement in all the higher things of life, and no one man has held more modestly and tenaciously to right views. So valuable, varied, and rare were Dr. Rice's services and merits, that he stood alone in the work and respect of the city. It is not too much to say that he was always and preëminently useful to every moral and intellectual interest of his fellows. His chief distinction

has been in promoting the growth of the City Library, until it is not only a model in itself, but has developed what is the nucleus of a university of the people, which is bound to remain in the future the centre from which the best intellectual life of Springfield is more and more to radiate. The inspiration for the broadening of the Library Association to cover the field of art and science came as much from the Librarian as from any other one source, and the growth of the library and its allied interests was a first consideration with Dr. Rice. He always received a modest salary for his work, thus contributing in a material way to the growth of the library, while he had great pride in the fact that so large a percentage of the income received was applied to the purchase of books. It was his ambition and constant effort to coördinate the work of the library and the public school system of the city, and the results achieved in this line were remarkable. So much in characterization of the later and chief work of his life.

Not all of the present generation know how useful public service distinguished this life from first to last. William Rice came of excellent New England stock, being of the seventh generation from Edmund Rice, who settled in Sudbury in 1639, and later removed to Marlboro.

His grandfather was Nathan Rice, a soldier of the Revolution, while his father, William Rice, was born in Belchertown, and removed to Wilbraham in boyhood, and, when thirty years of age, came to this city. He was a prominent and excellent citizen, often in the public service; a member of the Legislature of his State; for thirty years Register of Deeds for Hampden County, and for eighteen years County Treasurer; a pillar of the Methodist Church in all this region during his nearly fourscore years, and one of the founders of Wilbraham Academy. The wife of the first William Rice was descended from William Warriner, who settled in this city in 1640, and she survived her husband by six years. She was a woman of strong character. William Rice, the younger, was born March 10, 1821. He was of slight frame and precarious health from his boyhood, intellectual in his tastes, and early in maturing. He entered Wesleyan Academy at an unusually youthful age, and easily attained the first rank in scholarship, but was unable to complete his studies there on account of his lack of strength, and, of course, never entered college, though his name appears in the Middletown Triennial as an honorary Master of Arts. His learning, which was not small, was gained by home study during an active life. He devoted

and Whittier at this time, and vote
G. Birney for president in 1844 and
it was not altogether a pleasant thin
so pronounced an attitude for freedo

He was converted, when a mere
religion of Christ, and naturally be
tion toward the ministry. Licensed
when he was but nineteen years
received into the New England Co
1841, and assigned to the Method
in North Malden. He took excell
his profession, and, during fifteen
of which, save 1852 and 1853, wh
in Chicopee, were spent in pulpits
Boston, — he held high rank. H
pointed to pastorates successively
Marblehead, North Russell Street
South Street in Lynn, Park Street
and, after the service in Chicopee,
Street in Boston. In 1856, bronch
ties, which he had for some years su
compelled his retirement from the f

soon after resumed effective connection with the conference, and had since maintained it, he resided in this, his native city, in which, and in the neighboring towns, he has done most efficient service, preaching wherever needed. For several years he supplied the pulpit of the church at Indian Orchard, and, from 1873 to 1882, was the chaplain at the county jail.

Dr. Rice was greatly respected in the larger councils of his church. In 1856, when the conflict which led to the separation of the Church North and South was in full progress in the General Conference, he was elected as an outspoken antislavery leader. Again he was sent as a delegate to the General Conference in the important centennial year, when he served on leading committees. He knew the bishops and great preachers of his denomination, and was recognized by them as a safe adviser. The bishops named him on a committee for the revision of the Methodist hymn-book, and to that work, a labor of love, he gave close attention. Then he was made chairman of the publication committee, so that, in a double sense, the work of revision was his. The result proved most acceptable to the churches. In the line of his chosen profession, also, was Dr. Rice's "Pastor's Manual," for the convenience of clergymen in their official routine, and his collec-

tion of "Moral and Religious Quotations from the Poets," containing four thousand topical selections. His interest in Methodism brought him into close and influential relations to the two educational institutions of the denomination in this region, Wesleyan Academy, at Wilbraham, where he was for fifteen years President of the board of trustees, and a member of the corporation since 1859, and Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., of which he was a trustee for a full quarter of a century. Both institutions found in him an indefatigable laborer. The degree of Doctor of Divinity, given him by Wesleyan in 1876, was fitly conferred. He had done much for the church, the college, and the ministry. It is probable that Dr. Rice has left some provisions in his will for developing the theological department of the library. He was interested in all things ministerial, and had been for many years active in the meetings of the clergymen of the region for the discussion of matters pertaining to theology and church work. He loved the Methodist denomination, and yet kept a broad and liberal outlook in all religious matters. He had a gift of saving common sense such as is not always applied by men in the heat of theological controversy. Ministers in active service found in him a sound guide, and in this field he made our library of

especial value, while not slighting other departments.

His labors for the cause of education in the local field were constant and unwearied, and, as member of the School Committee for eighteen years, and of the State Board of Education for the same period, he rendered invaluable aid by his sagacious and ever ready counsel and effort. He had much to do with the Westfield Normal School while on the State Board, and, as the most active member of our School Committee, and more thoroughly familiar with the work of the schools than any other, he assumed their superintendence during the months intervening between Mr. Hubbard's resignation and Mr. Stone's coming, and performed the duties of that position with the same faithfulness that marked his other labors. He was an early advocate of having a thorough classical course introduced into the high school, and, while he was serving on the school board, several of the grammar school buildings were erected.

In 1861, William Rice became Librarian of the nucleus of the present City Library, then first placed in the City Hall building, which position he has held ever since, and his work in connection with that inestimable institution can scarcely be overrated. The patient and indefatigable research, the perfect command of

system, the minute and catholic culture required in arranging, cataloguing, and caring for the literary treasures amassed in the beautiful library building on State Street, — these are qualities by which we have greatly profited. The progressive spirit of the man has been a constant source of satisfaction to those associated with him. He was early filled with the purpose of making the library a permanent and important factor in the life of the city, and did much to procure the contributions which gave us the building erected on State Street at a cost of $100,000. The library was made absolutely free in 1885, and then he inaugurated the effort to insure the adequate growth of its reference department by securing an endowment fund. His aim has been to make it fit the needs of the local life in all departments, and, in due time, $100,000 will be available to this end. When G. W. V. Smith proposed to bequeath to Springfield his splendid treasures of art, the product of a life devoted to their collection, Dr. Rice was foremost in welcoming the generous purpose, and in seeking to provide a building fit for their reception. Thanks to the initiative of these men and the labors of John Olmsted and others, Springfield has her noble art building, completed at an expense (including the lot on which it stands) of about $135,000.

It is pleasant to remember that the directors of the City Library Association did not put off until his death their acknowledgment of Springfield's debt to Dr. Rice. At their annual meeting in 1892, the following resolution was adopted: —

"Resolved, That the present library building of the City Library Association shall be known henceforth as the William Rice Building, in honor of the man whose devotion to the city and the institution inspired its erection, and whose service has filled it with treasures of knowledge and wisdom for the free use of all the people."

William Rice was fortunate in his marriage, September 13, 1843, at the age of twenty-two, to Miss Caroline Laura North, daughter of William North, of Lowell. She had taken the classical course at Wesleyan Academy, and, during their over half a century of wedded life, they were allied in their literary tastes and in all high purposes. The golden wedding anniversary, celebrated in 1893, was a most happy family reunion, in which the community insisted upon having a part. There were many callers at the pleasant home on Court Street, which had also witnessed the celebration of the golden wedding of Dr. Rice's father. During the afternoon, the Methodist pastors of the city with their wives came and brought a printed ad-

dress of greeting, and a like memorial came from Trinity Methodist Church, through a committee consisting of the pastor and official members. This has been the church home of the family. The Springfield Ministerial Association also presented a written address through a committee of three clergymen. To each address Dr. Rice made a response. Representatives of nearly every religious denomination called during the day, and many telegrams of congratulation were received. The City Library Association fittingly had its part in the occasion. Its gift was a beautiful eight-day clock, with chimes, finely carved and gilded. With this went the following letter, signed by James A. Rumrill, Thomas M. Balliet, and W. S. Shurtleff: —

"HONORED SIR, — The Directors of the City Library Association of Springfield, whose duties have been lightened and enlightened by your counsel and coöperation in the management of their important trusts, recognize that the great value of the institution to our community is due in the largest measure to your assiduous labor, wise judgment, and cultivated taste. Their association with you has engendered within them the deepest appreciation of you as a citizen and friend; and, mindful of the event of an anniversary which marks the ending of fifty, and, they hope, the beginning of

many more, golden years of your wedded life, they wish to avail themselves of this memorable occasion to testify to you their profound respect, their warm personal regard, and their great admiration for your noble Christian life, whereby you have endeared yourself, not only to them, but to two generations of your fellow citizens. To this end they beg of you, through their committee, to accept the accompanying gift as a visible token of their deep friendship and love. They desire, likewise, to offer their congratulations to your gifted wife, who has aided so materially your great life work, and who has independently rendered service of high value to our city and its people."

Dr. Rice is survived by Mrs. Rice and three children, — Rev. Dr. William North Rice, for over a quarter of a century Professor of Geology at Wesleyan University, Rev. Dr. Charles F. Rice, now of Cambridge, and Caroline Laura Rice, wife of Professor Morris B. Crawford, of Wesleyan University. A third son, Edward H. Rice, who had devoted himself mainly to teaching, died two years ago. Dr. Rice's home life was rich and beautiful. In later years he took special delight in his grandchildren, and often spoke of them to his friends with pride and joy. The oldest of them, Edward L. Rice, son of the Middletown professor, is himself a professor of biology at Allegheny University, in Meadville,

Pa., and promises to win new honors for his family, already distinguished in science and theology.

Dr. Rice's death will mean a personal loss to a large part of the community. How many of us in our youth and in maturity have been wont to turn to him for guidance, whenever we have had occasion to use the library for special purposes of study, and how unfailing he always was in his readiness to assist, and how lavish of his time in personal service! His pride and interest in the library were like those of a father in his child. They amounted to a deep affection. It was exhibited even in the extreme prostration of his last illness. In a brief interview with President Rumrill of the Library Association, on Monday of last week, he said that he was eager to return to his work, and to carry out the new plans for the development of the institution. His influence in inducing men to give to the library out of their own pockets, or from the city treasury, was wonderful. He himself used to tell of a committee of the city government who visited him, when the library was quartered in the City Hall, for the purpose of securing a reduction in the consumption of gas in the library rooms, which they thought was extravagant. Instead of yielding to their wishes, he persuaded them to favor an increase

of the city appropriation for the library, and an increase was accordingly voted.

Dr. Rice's plain, nervous, and thoughtful countenance and slender figure are well remembered by all Springfield and Methodists far and wide. He was a notable example of how much an earnest soul can do with a frail body. Not in any way a great, he was yet a deservedly prominent, man; his thought was broad and liberal, his counsel wise and prudent, his judgment well considered, and all his qualities so evenly balanced that perhaps his predominant characteristic was usefulness.

EDITORIAL NOTES

AUGUST 22, 1897

IT falls to few men to pass out of
enviably than our friend Dr. William
done. He had, to be sure, a few day
ful illness — an experience not at all i
in his long life, wherein the spirit w
so much stronger than the body. B
in his 77th year, and, as one of his ol
said at the funeral, he had seen of the
his hands, and was satisfied; yet, whi
ing the full and expressed appreciatic
community which he served, he had n
his activity, or dulled his zest, or lost
his influence. He held a sole place in
of this city; a place into which he h
with years, rather developed through
nity than consciously created, but all
and in which he will have no success
men have had it in their power to do

ment of all that he proposed to do, and to die with the assurance that his work was opening into wider and wider progress, whose limits of usefulness were in no wise definable, so great are the possibilities of the people's university.

William Rice was an admirable example of the diligent servant who employed the talents committed to him to the fullest advantage, and made his natural endowment count double everywhere. Like Paul's, his bodily presence was weak; he was, from his very childhood, hampered by a frail physical organization. But his intellect was the master, and, under circumstances that might have made him a repining valetudinarian, he accomplished things that a spirit less strong and individual in the most harmonious body could not have compassed. It is to this combination, however, that we owe the valuable service he actually rendered to his fellows. Had it not been for that, he would probably have been a bishop of the Methodist Church, a famous pulpit orator, and a national figure. And, important as that destiny might have proved, the actual result of his life is no doubt much more important. It was well that the place he held in the great religious body to which he belonged should have been brought to the attention of the public in the discourses

at his funeral. The later generations have not been accustomed to associate Dr. Rice with that phase of his abounding usefulness, and yet it was very considerable.

Dr. Rice was a power in the councils of the church through the same qualities which make men powerful in political parties, but in no mean and ignoble way. Even a statesman has need of the virtues of the politician, and it does not detract from the honor due to Abraham Lincoln that he knew how to use men and to obtain desired results. There is no more notable field of politics than a Methodist Episcopal Conference, whether it be district or general. In such a gathering Dr. Rice was a power, through his extraordinary knowledge of human nature, and the rare tact with which he employed his true faculty of leadership. In his youth, in the great antislavery debate which rent the church into the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, — a separation which forecast the division of 1861, — he had shown how bold and how unyielding his principles were, and he never won any point by denying or concealing his faith. But he knew well how to assert his essential standard, and yet to ask for no more than he could fairly expect to gain from the men whom he divined thoroughly, and mea-

sured personally as well as collectively. Vast good has been done by this high quality of Dr. Rice in composing difficulties and advancing reforms without creating antagonisms. And this same beautiful tact was employed constantly in his varied service as member of the School Committee, and as the central force of the City Library. No one else, so far as one can see, could possibly have supplied his place, and done his work in this community.

The breadth of Dr. Rice's mind, the catholicity of his religious and literary embracement, the liberal honesty and fidelity of his opinions, were matters of constant admiration. His old friend Dr. Upham well said, that not merely those of Protestant "evangelical" denominations realized his worth in this respect, but all Christians, from Roman Catholics to the extreme of Protestantism, recognized his cordial Christianity. And in his labors as the builder of a great library, he manifested the same open competency of comprehension, that sense of the largeness of the trust he was administering, which was essential to the perfection and growth of the idea which he had in view from a very early period in his official life. Nothing in the way of development came to Dr. Rice as a surprise. He was prepared for it, and fur-

history of any community; and l
be unique among us.

FUNERAL SERVICE

AUGUST 20, 1897

ADDRESS

OF

REV. SAMUEL F. UPHAM, D. D.

ONCE more we confront the mystery of death. A devoted husband and father, a dear friend, a prominent citizen, and an able minister of the gospel, lies in this casket before the chancel. The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern.

Death is a stubborn, ugly fact. We dislike to think of it. It breaks up our homes, severs the tenderest relations of life, and puts lover, and friend, and acquaintance far from us — our first enemy and our last. Now, as we think of our dear friend, and of the active and useful life which he led, we ask, for we cannot help it, — "If a man die, shall he live?" The greatest and best of men, philosophers, poets, and thinkers, have asked that question. A thousand years before Homer sang, the patient sufferer of the land of Uz asked the question, and, since his day, thousands and more have

propounded the inquiry with most intense earnestness. It is *the* question when we stand in the darkened chamber and by the open grave. Mr. Emerson tells the story, in one of his essays, concerning two men, both residents of Boston and graduates of Harvard. They took especial interest in the life to come, they agreed to read everything they could on the subject, and often took long walks, and discussed the subject of immortality. As they came to middle life, they moved away, each to a different Western state. Then, by a strange coincidence, they met in the lower House of Congress. Each asked of the other if he had any more light on the subject, and neither had.

Is there any light?

There are, it seems to me, intimations of continued existence after death all about us. They are suggestions, hints, not to be overestimated on the one hand, nor undervalued on the other. I notice only one.

The brevity of this present life suggests another. How very brief it is! Threescore and ten years, or fourscore years at most, and the end comes. Is this all of existence? You read an interesting book which abruptly ends. You feel that the story is incomplete, and say there must be another volume. So our friend has passed on from our sight, in the full matu-

rity of his powers, at the very height of his influence, with far-reaching plans formed, but now, alas! never to be executed. Surely there must be another life, a place somewhere in God's great universe where such intellectual faculties shall have fullness of development.

But we are not left to hints and suggestions. We are Christians. Life and immortality have been brought to light. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."

Immortality is not a dismal perhaps. There is the vacant tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. And, "if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

Dr. Rice has not ceased to think, to love, to act. The earthly house in which he lived is in ruins, but he *lives*, and loves, and serves.

But how shall I speak of the noble man whom I so dearly loved? I cannot hope to give, in the few minutes allotted me, a thorough analysis of his matured character. A few words must suffice. You will permit me to say that among the most pleasant recollections of my life are those of Dr. Rice. I had to do with him intimately for years. I remember him

when he was on probation as a member of the New England Conference. His life was most important and most suggestive. In the first place, the life which he lived here had the manifest beauty of holiness. His piety was deep and calm. He wore no badge on his forehead with the words, "I am holier than thou." He was not ostentatious in his piety, but the grace of God in Jesus Christ stood forth in his life. He was blessed with great beauty of spirit. It did all good to be near him. So cheerful, hearty, and so perfectly natural was his religious life.

He was a Christian gentleman in deportment, and dress, and speech. He loved God with all his heart, and builded a character pure and symmetrical. He was warm and confiding in his attachments, and retentive of acquaintances once formed and friendships once contracted. It was this fact that made his home so pleasant to visit. If ever there was a heaven upon earth, it was his home. He was never happier than on some such occasion as Thanksgiving Day, when his house was full of young people. There was a charm about him that went out from him and drew young people to him. It was the life of Jesus Christ made clear through *his* life.

Dr. Rice was a born leader, yet he never

aspired to be one. He was a leader because he was fitted for it. He was a leader in the New England Conference; and I may say truly that, in the fifty years since his probation, no man filled a larger place, or had a profounder influence. When he espoused one side of a question, something was sure to happen. When he entered the ministry, the antislavery discussion took great prominence in the Church, both North and South. From the beginning to the close of the contest, Dr. Rice was on the side of freedom, and against the oppressor. He was a member of several General Conferences, and exerted a commanding influence. In the revisal of the Hymnal, he was made a member of the special committee, and I think I may say had more to do with the revision than any other man. He was a leader everywhere by reason of the force of his character. At the time I was in this city there was a theological club in this valley — which has continued up to the present time — to which ministers of all denominations belonged; and I think no one will dispute me when I say that every one accorded the leadership to him. And in this church which he attended, it was the same. When it was known, a few months ago, that this building was to be renovated, he watched its progress every day. When the church was

erected, indeed, he showed a lively interest in the work. In the earliest days of his ministry he thought that the relation of the church to the children had never been properly formulated, and he wrote that fine chapter which stands in the Methodist Discipline to-day.

We are taught by his life the beauty of fidelity to one purpose through life. He began with the intention of being a minister, and held to it. He was a remarkable preacher, clear, argumentative, always earnest and impressive, and occasionally impassioned. His sermons were thoroughly prepared, and always warm with gospel truth. When he retired from active pastoral work, he never forgot that he was a minister of Jesus Christ. When, broken in health, he came to this city, he preached to the poor and the prisoners in their workhouse. In his thought he was broad. He held most tenaciously to the fundamental truths, and he was not shaken or torn by doubts, but welcomed all investigation. Conservative, yet progressive, he was glad to see the new thoughts of new life. If ever there was a man who manifested true catholicity, it was he. Men of all churches believed in him, Roman Catholic and Protestant. The interest which he took in the cause of education was early manifested, and continued to the end of life.

He took a just pride in the schools of his native city, and did all he could by voice and pen to make them, as they are, the glory of Springfield. He was for many years the President of the board of trustees of the oldest literary institution in the Methodist Church, the Wesleyan Academy, at Wilbraham, and prominent, too, for years, in the board of trustees of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn.

He loved the best books, loved literature for its own sake, and wrote in a style clear, concise, energetic, and, withal, elegant.

Once more, we are taught by his life how grand it is to live for society. He was identified with this city; on yonder street is his monument. With what toil and with what sacrifice did he make those buildings what they are! He loved this city, and put the best years of his life into work here. Now we stand beside him with tearful eyes. But we can comfort ourselves with that thought which was dear to him: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

ADDRESS

OF

REV. WILLIAM R. CLARK, D. D.

It is grateful to me to be here. It would have pained me not to be here. Yet I find it difficult to control my emotions so as to speak as befits the occasion. Ever since the telegram shocked me with the intelligence of our bereavement, I have been bewildered. I cannot even now fully realize that this beautiful life is no longer to be blended with mine. For a half-century our lives have flowed into each other with a oneness which has been to me a constant strength and enrichment. And now that the musical voice and glowing countenance are no longer to speak to me, there comes a sense of loneliness that changes the whole aspect of life. Somehow the skies and landscape have lost something of their lustre; and I shall never again, on returning to this beautiful city, find the charm in its natural loveliness and cultured life which I have been wont to find. In the broader view, I know we have no occasion for

sadness; yet the sorrow will come, — come like the ground-swell of the sea. But I may not indulge in personal reflections. You have a claim on me for some of my impressions of your friend.

No one could look upon that finely chiseled face, aglow with thought, conscience, purpose, and royal living, without feeling that there was a man, every inch of him, — a manly man, who could not stoop to anything unworthy of himself, — a man among men, recognizing their claims upon him, and their sources of interest to him.

He saw souls in the throbbing life about him, — souls more picturesque than landscapes, and vaster than suns or systems. He believed with Bacon that the most beautiful things on this earth are the souls of men. He never looked down to find one. He could never have gone about with his lighted candle at noonday to find a man. I have known him to stop on the street in the midst of an animated conversation to talk with the humblest person as heartily as with an equal. He instinctively found and loved what is good in men, unrepelled by their imperfections, although he was impatient with every species of pretense, and it often fell beneath his sarcasm. I never knew one more susceptible to worth in others. The

social life about him flowed into his soul as naturally as the sea flows into bays and inlets of the shore. This made his friendship as constant and life-giving as the sunlight. It was also one secret of his influence with men, and of his power to lead them in the line of his convictions, — a power apparent to all who knew him. His keen insight into human nature gave him great facility in adapting himself to all classes. He seldom gave offense, he easily disarmed prejudice, won his way to all hearts, and moved through social life as gracefully as the swan moves over the water.

Dr. Rice loved the practical side of life, and was preëminently a man of affairs. He loved work for the beauty of it, as the artist loves toil upon the canvas or the marble which shall actualize his ideals. He could never look listlessly upon the possibilities of beneficent activity, but ever yearned for their accomplishment. Book-lover as he was, he was never so absorbed in abstract thought as not to feel the pulsations of the great busy world around him; they made music in his soul. He never looked upon practical work as drudgery; it was to him refreshment and inspiration. Hence the sustained enthusiasm with which, through thirty years of incessant labor, he pressed forward the public library enterprise, for which the city of

Springfield honors him as it has honored but few of the noble men who have graced its annals.

His insatiable ambition to do whatever he saw ought to be done was the crowning quality of the leadership of which Dr. Upham has spoken. He almost inevitably stepped to the front in every movement in which he was concerned.

His ministerial life covered a period of structural growth in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In this period, the Missionary Society was developed into its ampler proportions and world-wide movements. The Sunday School Union and Tract Society, the Church Extension Society, the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, the Board of Education, the Woman's Foreign and Home Missionary Societies, the Epworth League, the City Evangelization movement, and the Deaconess' Home were all organized in this period, as were also all our literary institutions.

During this period, also, was the great anti-slavery conflict, when the "sum of all villainies" reached the maximum of its strength and venom, and the agitation for its overthrow shook the church and nation as in the throes of an earthquake. At the same time, the temperance reform took on its larger proportions, and the rum interest of the country marshaled all its forces in desperate methods of resistance.

Leadership in such great enterprises and moral conflicts, where every step was challenged, could be held only by consummate sagacity, courage, and personal influence. These qualities, together with an ample fund of varied information ever at his command, analytical insight, balanced judgment, and loyalty to the truth, commanded the admiring deference of his brethren. Although often colliding sharply with them in discussion, he rarely caused irritation, so transparent were his honesty and goodwill. He was one of the ablest debaters I ever knew. Had he chosen the law for his profession, he would have ranked with the first pleaders at the bar. Had he chosen statesmanship, he would have been an acknowledged leader in the councils of the nation.

Naturally Dr. Rice held an enviable position in the pastorate. He entered it from force of conviction, and with an ardent love for it. Had Providence so directed, it would have satisfied his highest ambition to continue in it to his latest years. His sermons were all carefully prepared with his pen, and were biblical, instructive, spiritual, and classical in style, with painstaking adaptation to his hearers. All classes felt his messages to be for them, and hung upon his lips with eager interest. He was faithful in laying bare the sinfulness of the

heart, and in making plain man's need of Christ as a Saviour. Gracious revivals attended his ministry, and in all his charges men were won to Christ, and the church was edified. He was faithful in his pastoral visiting, always giving especial attention to the sick, the poor, and the neglected. All felt that they had in him a friend. In the homes of the afflicted, he was sympathetic and tender. In the social circle, he was its charm. His official boards found in him a judicious counselor. His able and eloquent ministry was sought for by the churches, and he was early called to the first pulpits in the conference, where he was invariably successful.

He had a taste for theological studies, and was thoroughly read in them. The Bible was his constant companion; and, while grateful for all helps to a right interpretation of it, he allowed no human authority to contravene his personal convictions: hence the fertility of his inner life, and the originality and freshness of his preaching. He passed by, with easy indifference, outworn inferences and obsolete formulas. As a consequence, he enunciated some truths in advance of his times, for which he was sharply criticised; but he lived to see them generally accepted by the church. He hailed the higher constructive criticism, as relieving

the Bible of misconstructions and obscurities, and making it more deeply the loved classic of the thinking world.

In his Christian experience, he was thoughtful and undemonstrative. He had little sympathy with high professions, regarding character rather than formulated technicalities as the criterion of spiritual life. No one could know him without feeling how subdued and how rich and full was his consciousness of a life "hid with Christ in God." As the sunlight reappears in the tints of the flowers, his inner life revealed itself in the daily round of duties, self-forgetting service for others, fortitude under personal suffering and sorrow, in his love of home and friends, and of literature, art, and nature. His whole being seemed ever incandescent with the light of God.

And now he has solved life's problem; he has risen a "conqueror of time." Why mourn we?

> "What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
> Place, — titles, — salary, — a gilded chain, —
> Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain? —
> Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
> Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
> The good great man? three treasures, — love, and light,
> And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
> And three firm friends, more sure than day and night, —
> Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

MEMORIAL SERVICE

OF

TRINITY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

SEPTEMBER 12, 1897

SERMON

BY

REV. HENRY TUCKLEY, D. D.

"And thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." — 1 SAM. XX. 18.

So we all feel to-day in reference to our departed friend. It was Jonathan who said this, originally, to David. There is nothing analogous in the two situations; but, in this gentle, this strong, this noble son of Jesse, we have surely an individual of the same type as the friend and leader in whose memory this service is held; while Jonathan, so fondly attached to David, may not inappropriately represent the attachment of this church, its pastor and its people, to that princely man, William Rice. And so we follow him to-day into that life beyond, of which he has spoken to us so often, — that life of the other world which his own life in this world has helped us to believe in. Into that life we follow him, and our faith and love seem to make his vanished presence visible to us again, as we tenderly say, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

How much he will be missed, and how very

large the vacancy arising from his departure, can be realized only as we recall and take a little time to recount what he was and what he did. Thus far, his relation to this church, and that large part of his being which spent itself in the fellowship and help of his pastor and brethren, has been sketched but faintly. In modesty we say it, but no pastor can understand so fully all that Dr. Rice was to those standing in this pulpit as that pastor who has been with him in this relation for the last four and a half years. Nor can any man know so well as the one in whose heart the realization of it is recent and fresh, all that he was to the church, or all that the church has been in its affection and devotion toward him. Hence this memorial service, our own service, in which a people who enjoyed his fellowship for forty years sit in grateful sadness about altars which are still bright with his presence, and under a dome which is still vocal with his teachings, to reverently listen while their pastor and his pastor — his latest pastor, and the one longest in that relation, with a single exception — shall try to tell just a little of what we all feel in view of his departure; in other words, shall try to show, according to the suggestion of our text, how much we shall miss him, by indicating how large and important was the place he filled in our fellowship and work.

Necessarily, however, the background of our sketch must be the great place he filled outside this circle. We can only estimate properly what he was to ourselves as we remember what he was to others. The marvel of his life and work with us does not fully impress us until we think what he was and what he did in other spheres of labor and influence.

And at once we recall him in his work for our wonderful City Library: how he founded that institution; how it was always a part of him; how it drew life from his life, and by his genius and devotion was built up gradually, and wisely, and grandly, until, at his death, he could look upon it, and could invite his fellow citizens to look upon it, as an institution which, of its kind, has few, if any, superiors in all this land.

What he was in our community outside of that can never be told adequately, because his life and work touched so many lines of influence, were so wholly given up to good causes, and were characterized from first to last by such untiring industry.

Of this, however, the "Springfield Republican" gives us at least a hint when it says: "The city has had no citizen who contributed more constantly and wisely than William Rice to her advancement in all the higher things of life, and no one man has held more modestly and

tenaciously to right views. So valuable, varied, and rare were Dr. Rice's services and merits, that he stood alone in the work and respect of the city." "It is not too much to say," this paper adds, "that he was always and preëminently useful to every moral and intellectual interest of his fellows."

A great tribute, we must admit; and the wonderful thing about it is that what was thus said of him by a conscientious and high-minded newspaper was in the thought of all his fellow citizens, and, strong as it was, was held by all to be only the truth. And I quote it this morning, as a reminder to us of what Dr. Rice was, of the large sphere filled in the great world outside by him who also, happily for us, filled so potent and so beneficent a sphere within the fellowship of this church. No ordinary man was he whom we were thus permitted to call our brother, but a most remarkable man, carrying great responsibilities, furnishing brains and strength for great enterprises, writing his history into the history of his times and into the minds and hearts of his fellow citizens; occupying, to be sure, a conspicuous place as a Methodist, both locally and in the church at large, and yet larger than Methodism in his sympathies, and heartily recognized, I think I may say, by every minister who knew him, as a strong pillar of the church universal.

Such was he who for forty years went in and out among the people of this church. Him whom all knew who knew anything of the better life of our city, we knew intimately as a brother beloved. That presence which was an inspiring force to so many good movements, we were favored to have as the potent centre of our church life. His rare ability to manage, and administer, and build up, so magnificently illustrated in the educational life of our city, was brought to bear, also, within this narrower sphere.

That fine intellect, the admiration of all who knew him, so well furnished with knowledge, so happily balanced in judgment, and so richly seasoned with feeling, — all of it was at our service whenever it was needed; and he who was generally recognized by his brother ministers of all denominations as the leading theologian of the Connecticut valley, would speak to the children of our Sunday-school with as much delight as he ever showed in addressing a conference, and would prepare as conscientiously to teach his Bible class as for any great theological discussion, or for those marvelous reports which he presented annually to the Library Association. Happy the church that was in such a case! Happy the people that were thus favored!

And now, with this far-stretching background to show us what he was in his larger activities and relations, we can readily see what he was to ourselves, and how much we owe to him. In the eye of the pastor of this church, Dr. Rice must necessarily fill a large place. A leading citizen, connected actively with the better life of the city, moving influentially among other leading citizens, his quiet, reverent attendance at this sanctuary on Sundays could not fail to be to any man standing regularly in this pulpit a very impressive fact. So slight of frame, and altogether so unobtrusive in worship, his physical presence might easily sometimes have been overlooked, but the minister could no more escape his influence than the universe can escape from the force of gravitation.

To begin with, no man could stand in this pulpit without feeling that in William Rice he had a hearer who would surely know his weaknesses, and who would probably be more familiar than himself with almost any subject upon which he chose to speak. I will venture to say, too, that no pastor has stood here who could help feeling that in Dr. Rice he had a hearer who probably excelled himself in the power to state clearly his propositions, and to establish them by force of logic, and by affluence of information.

Nor could any one ministering to him fail to remember that he had in this well-furnished man a parishioner who was fully his own equal, if not his superior, in the success attending his sixteen years of pastoral work; and I dwell upon these points only as a reminder to you of what Dr. Rice must necessarily have been, not to myself alone, but to all the men, some of them very able and distinguished, who for forty years have succeeded one another in the honor of being his pastor. To do justice to a man of his influence, in his position, we must consider not alone the good he did, but the evil which might have resulted from even the slightest indiscretion on his part. Any obtrusion of the critical spirit would have been very unfortunate, for this would have frightened some ministers, and others it would have enraged. Any inclination to meddle would have been regarded by the pastor as a usurpation, and there would have been coldness at once, if not resentment. Dr. Rice, because he was himself, could not help being above the pastor: yet he must not take the pastor's place; and, had he ever tried to do so, this church and the men who have served it would have made a different record. Not in that case, I am sure, would the glory be yours of having kept all your ministers their full time, save one only, who left on account of

his health. This, however, is your glory, and this fact is in itself an eloquent tribute to Dr. Rice. Always ready to help his pastor with suggestions, he was still not a critic, but a reverent hearer of the word of God; never officious, but always brotherly and respectful; not at all inclined to usurp any authority, but always very careful lest his influence should become too great, and his wish and word have more deference shown them than would have been just to others. The pastor's instructor, always: that he could not help being, progressive, hopeful, large-minded, and big-hearted as he was; but the pastor's special adviser he became, only as the pastor himself invited such service, and by his spirit showed that he both needed and deserved it. Never a man to be feared by any minister who was doing his best, poor though that best might be, but a friend who would always encourage when he could, and with a heart so tender and true that he would help his pastor very often with the glistening eye. Oh! a noble, knightly soul he was. I think I may say, he never had a pastor with whom he did not delight to carry on a theological controversy in the recesses of the library, or even on the busy street, and never one with whom he was not glad to shiver a lance in the Theological Club or the Preachers' Meeting. To have him

rise in such gatherings and say he was sorry he could not agree with the view of his pastor, and then proceed by gradual stages of humor and argument until his pastor was finally overwhelmed in one of those oratorical outbursts which few men could withstand, — this has been my own fate repeatedly; and in this honor I occupy but a humble place in a long and unbroken succession. Oh! a noble, knightly soul he was, firm in his views, with a passion for debate, always ready, never afraid, and seldom or never worsted.

But what blows he dealt were never aimed at a man while his back was turned. A lance he flaunted with which to puncture error, and sophistry, and cant, and sin; but he had no stiletto to use against character, and no weapon for the undermining of influence.

A noble, knightly soul. Those who stood before him in the pulpit loved him; they could not help loving him; and so it was, also, with those worshiping with him in these pews. So that by divine appointment, as it were, Dr. Rice has stood through all the years as our church tribunal, the arbiter of our difficulties, the harmonizer of whatever little discords threatened to arise; always preëminently the friend of his pastor, but always just as truly the friend of the church, and of God. So fully and so ten-

derly was he the minister's friend, and so truly helpful to him, that there is perhaps not one of his pastors who does not feel that William Rice was of more real service to him intellectually than any other man he ever knew; while some have felt, as this speaker does, that our mental and spiritual contact with him has opened to us a new world, making life so much more worth living, and the work of the ministry so much more worth doing, as to leave us to-day in delightful uncertainty as to which of two sentiments is the stronger, — our gratitude that we ever knew him, or our regret that we were not privileged to sit at his feet and to drink in of his spirit much earlier in our career.

It is no discredit to any of the men who have occupied it, to say that Dr. Rice has always given tone to this pulpit. No man could preach to him and associate with him constantly without being moulded by him; and that which was little, that which had a narrowing tendency, that which detracted in any way from the glory of God or from the dignity and final glory of redeemed humanity, could no more hold its place in his presence than the mists of autumn could hold permanent sway against the clear shining of such a sun as beams upon us this morning. A little gospel, a restricted hope, the spirit of bigotry, a narrow sectarianism, any

theology that had only its antiquity to commend it, anything dead, anything stale and old, either in teaching or in methods, — all such things William Rice abominated with all the energy of a great soul; and it has been largely due to this fact that such outworn trappings of a mistaken gospel have so seldom appeared in this church, and, when they have appeared, have been so soon supplanted by the true gospel, the broader view, the larger hope, and the Christ of humanity rather than of churches. Not that William Rice was ever dictatorial in such matters. Not that he ever said to any pastor: "This thou shalt not do, and this other thou shalt do." That was not his way, nor was it necessary. His presence, his example, his spirit, — these have been the elements of his power over us. The flowers in our gardens need no voice to proclaim to us their mission of beauty and fragrance. They simply bloom and breathe; that is their function, and by that simple process do they captivate, and mould, and uplift; and so William Rice was always, as regards this pulpit, a great power in the direction of largeness, and freshness, and hopefulness, and strength, because he was himself a living, breathing, beautiful epistle of these things, necessarily known, and read, and copied by all who were intimately associated with him.

And now I come to speak of what he was, not to the ministry, but to the church, and I undertake this task with less confidence. What he was to myself, I know; and my feeling has been that if, in speaking of his relation to his pastors, I took my own experience as a guide, I should not be likely to go far astray. But, in speaking of him in his larger relations to our church as a whole, a difficulty arises from the fact that I have so many to speak for, and that, deep down in all hearts, there is a conviction that words cannot do justice either to his worth, or to our tender regard for his memory. I can almost believe that we should better have honored that memory, and more surely have brought to our hearts the benediction of his spirit, had we provided for a service of silence this morning, a quiet hour, devoted to the tender and loving task of just thinking about him; for many of us feel, as one of the most true-hearted of our brethren said on Thursday night, that Dr. Rice is more a reality to us now than ever, and is so much of a presence with us, and so much of a blessing to us, that we hardly want any one to speak to us about him, lest they mar the communings we seem to have with our dear friend himself.

Since, however, to the tribute of our feelings there must be added at least a brief tribute in

words, I mention, first, that the same delicate wisdom which marked his relations with the pastorate was shown, with the same happy effects, in his relations with the church officiary. Always supreme was his influence, yet he took little part in official counsels, either actively or privately. It was ever his honest pride that he left the laymen to manage this church, and he did; but to leave any one to manage it, utterly minus his influence, or to find any one for thirty years past who seriously wanted to so manage it, was simply impossible. Consciously or unconsciously, the power behind the throne, greater than that of pastor or than that of any official member, and always a power working toward progress and enlargement, has been William Rice.

At times, of course, by special request of his brethren, he has stepped forward to take responsibility and assume leadership. In fact, he has never, when asked, refused to do this; was never too busy to give hours of his time to this church for weeks in succession; never so occupied with other projects that he did not, at our call, bring all his splendid gifts, all his wealth of experience, all his weight of influence, and lay all as a living sacrifice upon the altar of Trinity Church.

The latest instance of this kind was when, in

a time of peril to our Sunday-school, his powerful personality and persuasive pleadings, moving to tears every listener, had the happy effect both of steadying the ark and of steadying and strengthening the hands of those we had put, and were anxious to keep, in charge of the ark. Another instance of his devotion and superb leadership was when, last fall, at the pastor's suggestion, he attended a meeting at which some generous subscriptions were reported, looking toward a large work of church improvement. "Let it be done," said our dear friend; "it is time we did it;" and out of his heart came at once the motion which set our committees to work, the indorsement which made the enterprise feasible; just as, afterward, on the improvement committee, he was ever at the front with suggestions, ever ready to show his interest by generous contributions, ever working for the best good of all concerned, and, in the end, crowned his personal efforts and all his other gifts by this shining memorial to his noble father, which to us now must always be, as well, a lovely, glistening, and sacred memorial to his own dear and honored self. And, really, in one sense, everything beautiful in this sanctuary is a memorial to him, because he had so much to do in bringing our improvements to pass. And who that was

present will ever forget his final appeal to us, when money was needed. A venerable woman, of precious memory, Mrs. Heman Smith, had just made a generous subscription, and this act opened the floodgates at once of our friend's eloquence and of his tears, the floodgates of our emotion immediately opening in response. "Some of us are old," he said, "and we shall soon be gone. We did our part in building this house, and now we have improved it. Most glad am I," he said, in substance, "that we who must soon pass on can to-day feel, as we look around, that we shall leave this church to our children in as good condition as when our fathers left it to us."

And this reminds me that William Rice, in connection with two other brethren, had so much to do in planning this edifice that really our church itself is a monument to him, — a structure which is still both useful and beautiful, and which, when first built, was the most comely and commodious edifice in this city.

See, too, how our dear and noble friend, besides impressing himself in this way upon the material church, has also, without obtrusive effort, and, in fact, by only being what he was, interwoven his personality, and wrought his lofty ideals, into the texture and pattern of our church life.

Churches have a character no less distinctly marked than individuals; and this church, I am sure, has been distinguished amongst its sister churches of the same denomination for four things, at least, and these are: the interest it has taken in the larger moral and social movements of the community; its contributions to benevolent causes, and work for the needy; its care for educational enterprises, evidenced in what it has done, and is still doing, for Wilbraham Academy; and the ready and generous help it has rendered to other churches, especially in extending and strengthening Springfield Methodism.

Such, I think, have been our leading church characteristics. We have others, but these are what have given us the standing we enjoy; and, when we search for the power which has been chiefly influential in moving our church into these particular lines of character and effort, the chief factor in making our church the broad church, the liberal church, and the strong church it has been, we find it impossible to do otherwise than put the laurel of our gratitude on the brow of William Rice. We cheerfully admit that he has had helpers, and that about him, through all the years, have been congenial spirits, men and women richly endowed, graciously saved, and blessed by Providence,

through their own endeavors, with means and a good position. All these have done their part, a worthy and noble part, to give this church something of its unique character. But head over all in influence, like a sun amongst lesser planets, always carrying the others with him by virtue of his greater prestige, and always swinging this church into conspicuous grooves of service, has been that man, and the family of that man, whom we honor to-day in this memorial service. Himself so conspicuous a figure in our city's life, it was inevitable that his church would, likewise, enjoy an enviable prominence. Instinctively and irrepressibly a reformer as he was, it could not be otherwise than that the communion which enjoyed his fellowship would also be instinct with the reforming spirit. Because you could never make William Rice live for himself, how could you expect the church which cradled and nurtured him, and the church of his manhood and strength, to live for itself? This it has not done; but, on the contrary, it has been a true Methodist Church, without being either a bigoted or a strictly sectarian church. It has looked well after its own things, and has had, at the same time, a kindly glance and a helping hand for the things of others. To save souls has been its mission; but, in fulfilling this mission, it has not forgotten that

the soul includes the entire man, — that in some cases bread may be as necessary as the gospel, and education as important as evangelism. And I do not hesitate to say that, in exhibiting this character, and in maintaining these truths, this church has no more certainly illustrated the life and purposes of Jesus Christ than she has been spelling out before his fellow citizens the spirit and life of William Rice.

That the library he founded has a building called by his name is a matter of interest to all of us: and I do not doubt that, in some similar way, before long, this church will perpetuate that name; possibly, in a grand memorial window, which shall mirror to us and to our children those sainted features which to-day adorn our church calendar; possibly, in a parish house, which shall reproduce, for the good of a community he loved, some of the activities of his beneficent life; or, it may be, in a parsonage, which, if it should be built by us in his memory, and distinguished by his name, could not fail to have in it his blessing of peace, and would be sure to afford to any minister occupying it a marvelous inspiration. All this, however, is in the future, though not, I trust, in the very distant future. But, meanwhile, what I maintain is, that those conversant with our church life, and with the moulding and uplifting effect upon

it of this most remarkable man, must find the name of William Rice written all over us, and indelibly written, by the good he has done us, in all our hearts.

And, having said this much of his gracious, moulding influence upon Methodism, we may surely add a word respecting the probable influence of Methodism upon him. And I ask our fellow citizens to remember — our fellow citizens of all churches and no church — that this man whose praise is on all their lips, and whose life and works they all delight to honor, was born of Methodist parentage, was nurtured in a Methodist home, was baptized in the old court-house of this city by a Methodist preacher, was converted in a Methodist revival, was trained in a Methodist academy, was habituated to the Methodist class meeting, was started on his career of usefulness by being received as an itinerant in a Methodist conference, and was always a Methodist, always proud to be known as a Methodist, to the moment of his death. How much this Methodistic environment had to do in making him the man he was is a line of speculation we are not inclined to pursue. He has told us repeatedly, however, that, in the public schools of Springfield, he had to defend his church, and did defend it, when only a boy; and who shall say that these early

antagonisms may not have called into life his marvelous argumentative powers? Who shall say that the isolation and mild ostracism he met at that time may not have helped in developing his tenacity of conviction and the strong character which marked him? For myself, too, I do not feel sure that, had he been other than a fervent, whole-souled Methodist, he would have retained so much of his religious fervor, and would have continued so tenderly reliant upon Jesus as his Saviour, so sure of the future, so tearfully attached to the "faith once delivered unto the saints," while he progressed so rapidly in his theology. None could have been readier than he to grasp at the new, and none more devoted to that which is vital in the old; — the most progressive of thinkers, and the most warm-hearted of Christian believers.

Such was the man who has left us, whom our love follows this morning into the other life, and whom we would detain, whom we would even dare to detain from his heavenly rewards, were it possible, until we 've told him again, as our text suggests, how much he will be missed, and how very large the vacancy caused by his departure.

Not inclining at all to exaggerate, it must still be said that, in some respects, we never knew his equal, and ne'er shall look upon his

like again. The wideness of his outlook was a constant amazement. It is a mistake to say he was not great; for, if greatness consists in towering above one's fellows, in doing what few others have done, in many-sidedness coexisting with marvelous concentration, and leading to a unique success, where shall we look for it, if not in him? There was hardly any topic upon which he did not know something, and something that was weighty and valuable; while, in many realms, he walked easily as a master. Immense was his store of information, equaled only by his thirst to know still more; yet both these were more than matched by his readiness to stoop and serve; and, really, this man, at whose feet any of us might have sat to learn, was glad of the opportunity to stoop to our feet, to enlist in the service of any of us, to give any of us a share of his precious time, and all the benefit we might get from having him pour into our minds and souls, clarified first by his own mind, and saturated with his own deep feelings, the store of his far-reaching knowledge. And, as time now compels me to hasten, I will only add, at this point, that to the wisdom of a sage was joined in Dr. Rice the sweet simplicity of a child; that he who could fight like a giant, and could sometimes become terrible as a lion in his oratorical fury,

was still a lover of peace, a promoter of concord, and the fairest, knightliest foe any antagonist ever had; that, while he made of the Bible no idol, he still revered it as the oracle of God, and that the more he seemed to learn about it, the more it meant to him; that few men have allowed themselves more liberty in Biblical criticism, but that, nevertheless, no man I have known would more readily resent license in criticism, or rally with greater warmth to defend the essentials; that, if he did not believe some things in just the way others do, he still had a faith that was precious, a faith that filled his soul, that abundantly satisfied him, and a faith which, had the need arisen, would have made a Christian martyr of him.

Far and long he traveled in paths of investigation, but he never lost sight of the cross.

"Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies"—

was his dying solace, as it always had been the strength of his life. Sorrows he knew, and the frail body would shake for a moment under their weight. That sorrow, however, or any personal concern, should absorb him, was not possible, so much was he like his Master, so truly did he live to serve. Numerous and well merited were the honors showered upon him; but his greatest honor in life, and his greatest

honor in death, is that he came, like his Lord, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. They tell me that it almost rained flowers in this church at his funeral, but I know there were none too many, and I will venture to say that for every single blossom laid upon his grave he had done a hundred acts of kindness, and scattered here and there among the beautiful homes of Springfield blessings without number.

A bright life, always growing brighter, a noble spirit, always pressing onward, always rising upward — we do not wonder that it was strong to meet death.

> "So long thy power hath blest me" —

well might he say it, and happily did his son repeat it to him as the end came.

> "So long thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
> Will lead me on
> O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
> The night is gone,
> And with the morn those angel faces smile
> Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!"

And so, once more, we follow our dear friend, over the moor and fen, over the crag and torrent, into the unseen. We do not doubt his continued existence. To our thought, that principle of life which wrought for seventy-six

years to produce the magnificent man we all knew in William Rice was too persistent to die out of itself, and too godlike to be killed by any change in matter. We do not doubt his continued existence. He did not doubt it; for he knew whom he believed, and knew from his youth that Christ was formed within him, the hope of glory. Better fitted to live when he died than he had ever been before, we share his own confidence in not being able to conceive that he did die, in holding it impossible that a spirit which had gathered so much of good into it could die. And so, in thought, and with tender love, we follow him Godward; for he was a man of God, who could only rest as he found God: into the fellowship of the pure and noble; for such had been his affinities on earth, and we know he could abide in no other company elsewhere: into the light; for he always loved the light, and only lived to follow it. Yes, and into some sphere of beneficent activity; for, if that spirit could never be idle while it was chained and caged within so frail and slight a body, how could it settle into repose when all its shackles had been broken? and, if William Rice must do good in this life, and ever increased, up to the last, in both the will and power to do good, what but well-doing, immediate and unceasing activity

in the service of the God he loved, can we predicate of him in the life beyond?

And so we follow him, not knowing just where he is, but knowing the direction he has taken; not seeing him any more, but still feeling his influence, and conscious that it sweetly draws us after him; certain he will never cease to bless us, and thinking he may not be far away from us; so we follow him. Not that we would bring him back; not that we are rebellious, and cannot be resigned; but only to tell him; just to speak to him once more and to say, — not for his gratification, but for our own, — to say to him, as the climax of the tribute we have paid to his memory: "Thou shalt be missed, thou shalt indeed be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

MEMORIAL SERVICE

OF THE

CITY LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

NOVEMBER 16, 1897

INVOCATION

BY

REV. J. COTTON BROOKS

ALMIGHTY God, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity, we give thee hearty thanks for the good example of thy servant, who, having finished his course in faith, does now rest from his labors. We come to thee as a mourning and grateful city to-night, to recount to each other in thy presence the great blessings which thou hast bestowed these many years upon us and ours by the hand of this one noble and faithful servant of thine, whom we recognize that thou didst send into this world to do a special work for thee in this community. Like his Master, Christ, whom he loved so well, he has glorified thee in all his intercourse with us on the earth, and he has finished gloriously the life-work which thou gavest him to do. No other man in the history of our town has done

so much for every one of its citizens, without distinction of sect or race or station, as he; for he had the enthusiasm for humanity. He saw not the actual man only, and delighted to serve his daily need of knowledge for the enjoyment of life and the doing of his duty, but also he recognized the ideal man. He believed in us and in our capacity for learning, and appreciating, and living by the truth. Rich and poor, ignorant and learned, young and old, he taught us our possibilities, and helped us to the means to make them real. He contributed daily in ever richer measure to our happiness, our intelligence, our character. He quickened our sympathies, our consciences, our enthusiasm, our faith in thee, in each other, and in ourselves. And, better than all else, O Father! his own personality has shown us the truth of what life in its essence really is, in absolute unselfishness and modest consecration, in the bearing unrepiningly ill health and weakness in the midst of untiring work, in loving devotion to his family and magnifying of his office of a minister of the gospel, in appreciative sympathy with beliefs which were not his own, in fearless loyalty to truth, both old and new, and from whatever quarter it came; above all, in humble dependence upon Jesus Christ, his Saviour. For this friend of ourselves and of

our children we praise and bless thy holy name, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory, O our God! who hast daily shown thyself so gracious to us in this thy inestimable gift to our city's life. We stand in awe, as we recognize this great plan of thine for blessing us which has been wrought out in a human life, and see the possibilities of what we may do for our fellows in our day and generation.

We, his brethren, mingle our sorrow with that of his yet nearer family to-night, rejoicing, too, with them, in all that his memory means of inspiration and pride. O merciful God and heavenly Father, who hast taught us in thy holy word that thou dost not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men, look with pity, we beseech thee, upon the sorrows of thy servants. In thy wisdom thou hast seen fit to visit them with trouble, and to bring distress upon them. Remember them, O Lord! in mercy; sanctify them with thy fatherly correction to them; endue their souls with patience under their affliction, and with resignation to thy blessed will; comfort them with a sense of thy goodness; lift up thy countenance upon them, and give them peace. And with the ministers of his own communion we also sympathize deeply in their great loss. Give thy grace to them, we beseech thee, as thou didst to him; replenish

them with truth of thy doctrine and with innocency of life, that they may faithfully serve before thee, as he has done. And for those who have so largely and nobly contributed to the carrying out of his great purposes for us in the establishment and maintenance of these grand institutions, we pray for thy richest blessing, as also for those whose great privilege it has been to labor with him in the grand work of daily ministering to the hearts and intellects of men. May the power of that companionship never die out of their lives. Perpetuate these institutions with us, both the one which he directly founded, and this one with whose generous founder he labored with such warm enthusiasm and satisfaction. May they ever be near and dear to thee, and shine among us as the stars forever and ever, as they turn many to righteousness.

But now, as we feel the richness of this inheritance which is ours from the labors of this servant of God, we long that we may both perceive and know what things we ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfill them. He has taught us, inspired us, and helped us to grow, to produce, one with his money, another with his thought, still another with his hands, new creations beyond the interests of our own small selves. In our workshops,

our homes, our stores, our studies, are to be found the fruits of his fertilizing of our lives. He has revealed to us the possibility of making real and visible in our city the unknown, the invisible, the divine. Let not what he has done for and in us harden and narrow us by self-indulgence in mere use and enjoyment of the blessings, but let it make us larger still, and more generous and noble-minded, thoughtful, good citizens. Help us, as thou didst him, to cultivate thought, and love, and personal interest, and painstaking action, and individual concern for the welfare of all. Make us worthy of our friend's great faith in us, of his best friendship. O Lord! continue thy work in the midst of the years. Let thy fatherly hand ever be over us, let thy Holy Spirit ever be with us, and so lead us in the knowledge and obedience of thy word that in the end we may obtain everlasting life. With our privileges come, we feel, our duties; and proudly, bravely, rejoicingly, inspired by his example, and resting on thy strength alone, we go forth to do even greater things for this greater Springfield of the future. In politics, in thought, in art, and science, and religion, we will strive to keep it clean. Grant us grace so to follow this thy blessed saint in all virtuous and godly living that we may come to those unspeakable joys which thou hast pre-

pared for those who unfeignedly love thee. We would join these our prayers for our beloved city, our home and our children's home, with those which we know he has prayed full often here, and which we are sure he is praying to thee still somewhere in thy great universe to-night, out of his undying love for us. Let us hear thee now answering to our mourning, but proud, triumphant hearts, at this hour, as thou saidst of the holy city of old: "I will defend this city to save it, for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake." Amen.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

BY

JAMES A. RUMRILL

On the 17th of August, a light went out in this community, which for thirty-six years had burned with ever-increasing lustre and beneficence. Almost a blinding darkness seemed for the moment to settle upon this institution, the shadow of which fell on all our homes, and was reflected in the faces of men and women as they passed each other in our streets.

There was, however, but a momentary eclipse of that light; for, though its human embodiment was on that day lost forever to human eyes, you could as easily recall the rays of God's sunshine as extinguish the light which flowed from the life of that servant of his, who devoted soul and body to the enlightenment and elevation of his fellow-beings.

We have met here to-night, my friends, to do honor to the man who so conspicuously exemplified that light, and, if possible, to catch the spirit of his life, and infuse it into the work to which his noble example invokes us.

Others have spoken to you before, and will speak to you again to-night, of the great versatility of Dr. Rice's character. To some it was especially given to know and profit by his power as a minister of the gospel, and his unusual ability as a ready debater; to others, by his knowledge of books and power to set them at work; and to others still, by his business sagacity, executive skill, and his infinite tact and judgment in the management of men; and to every one who ever met him, by that sunny, patient, and affectionate temper and disposition which sweetened and purified all his surroundings. He was of that distinguished family of whom the poet Dryden said, "His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen."

As an officer of this institution, whose special privilege it was to come into very intimate relationship with Dr. Rice during the last years of his life, I look back now and realize that in a singular degree he brought to the performance of his duties here all the qualities to which I have alluded, not excepting even his power as a minister of the gospel; for this library was his gospel, — a gospel so catholic and so far-reaching that, when wisely preached, it supplements and often outstrips the gospel of our churches and schools.

As a pioneer in library work, Dr. Rice had no

equal. He found the germ of that which has grown into this noble institution, in a back room of the City Hall, almost hidden from the knowledge of the world. His keen eye and quick intelligence foresaw its great possibilities, and with untiring devotion he nursed it into life. The so-called modern methods of library administration would have made little headway against the conditions which surrounded those early workers in the field. Families who were able had provided themselves to a considerable extent with books and libraries of their own, and the rest of the world either had not learned their value, or knew not how to use them.

To cut a way through the indifference and apathy of the former and the ignorance of the latter required the zeal and enthusiasm of a genuine missionary. It must be remembered, also, that this was in the early sixties, when the country was aflame with the distractions of civil war. Knapsacks, not books, were being handled, and students were turning into soldiers. Yet, despite these adverse conditions, we find that in the first seven months of his work Dr. Rice more than doubled the subscribers to his library, carrying the number from 280 to 677. It then comprised the books of the Young Men's Library Association and the Springfield Institute, and numbered 6,800 volumes. In

1871, the year of the completion of our present library building, he had increased the number to 30,400, and at his death he left us over 99,000 volumes.

I doubt if there is a librarian in our country, living or dead, who has made such a record, — from 6,800 to 100,000 volumes in a single administration. During his incumbency, also, the gifts and contributions to the association in money, from private sources, and irrespective of the proceeds of lectures, amounted to $357,423. Dr. Rice would modestly tell you, if he could speak to-day, that we are largely indebted to four men for these magnificent results, and he would tell you truly: to George Bliss, for the gift of land, and the first $10,000 which set the ball in motion; to John L. King, for his indefatigable labors in securing the $100,000 with which to erect the William Rice Building; to Daniel L. Harris, for raising the money to wipe out its debt of $25,000; and to our esteemed friend and contemporary, John Olmsted, for his untiring zeal and signal success in securing the funds which have erected our Art Building, and made possible to us the splendid generosity of George Walter Vincent Smith.

If the dead, however, could speak, they would, I am sure, join with the living, and tell you that the inspiration and mainspring of all their efforts

emanated from the man whose memory we are met here to-night to honor.

It would be impossible for me, in this brief review of Dr. Rice's work as librarian, to dwell upon the particular methods which he employed, or to compare them with the administrative systems of other similar institutions. It is enough for us that the results which he has accomplished here challenge comparison with those of any other worker in this field of intellectual and moral progress.

If I were to be asked what was the dominant principle which governed him, and what the secret of his success, my reply would be, a determination on his part to make the world better, and a consecration thereto of every faculty which he possessed, and of his whole being. To that end he choose books for tools; and, to compel their recognition as the most potent agencies of good, he displayed a profound knowledge of human nature, and a persuasive influence over men, which is rarely equaled.

A singular illustration of this remarkable power with men occurred in the early history of the institution, when, having been called before a committee of the city government to answer certain charges of extravagance in the current expenses of the library, he left the City

Hall, not only with the accusation satisfactorily answered and retracted, but with an important increase in the appropriation of the government for the year.

The legal status of this institution is somewhat unique. Most of the public libraries in the country, like those at Boston, Worcester, Chicago, and the like, have been created by the cities themselves. In other words, the capital required for their establishment has been furnished by the people, acting through their respective city governments. This library, however, as you well know, was created by the munificence of private citizens; and, in 1885, was, by vote of its directors, made free to all the people, on condition that the city government would make such additional yearly appropriations as should cover the necessary increase in its administration, and guard against the danger of deterioration, especially in the circulating department.

It affords me the greatest pleasure, in this connection, to say that the appeals made from time to time by the institution for increased appropriations have been responded to with enlightened liberality by our successive city governments.

It may be said that "the recognition of a public library as a factor in public education

may almost be taken as the test of a city's prosperity and promise." The action of our city governments, therefore, in so generously responding to our applications for increased appropriations, is not only the truest wisdom, and in the line of the most commendable economy, but has contributed in a marked degree to the popularity which Springfield has acquired among the cities of this country as an exceptionally attractive and desirable place of residence.

Dr. Rice's reports to the corporate members of the association are models in their lucid and comprehensive presentation of facts and fervid exhortation to renewed efforts.

How vividly do we recall his earnest manner and address, which rose at times to real eloquence, when he pressed home upon us, at the annual meetings of the corporation, his favorite doctrine that, in an institution like this, "growth is the condition of life."

I am especially impressed by one of these reports, read, at the close of the Civil War, to a board of directors of which our honored friend, John B. Stebbins, is the sole survivor. These are his earnest words at that critical time in the history of this institution: "Now that the clouds of war are rolling away from our land, and the sunlight of peace ushers in the golden

years of plenty, — now that the clamor of arms gives place to the sounds of productive industry, — now that our minds are no longer absorbed in the stern excitement of conflict, — let the intelligent and generous moneyed men of Springfield come to the aid of our institution, with that enlarged liberality which the assurance of more prosperous days encourages. Let the speedy erection of a new building relieve our present embarrassments, and let a liberal endowment provide for future necessities. If there be any zeal among us for the prosperity of the community and the honor of the city, — if there be anything which deserves the name of public spirit, — we cannot appeal in vain."

May we not repeat these earnest words as a call from him to renewed activity now? They have a certain application to the condition of things in which we are to-day. The war, it is true, has long since ceased, but we are emerging from a cloud of business depression and uncertainty which has chilled the sources of benevolence even more than the clash of arms. Patiently and hopefully Dr. Rice was looking forward to the lifting of these clouds, that the realization of his plans for further development might be accomplished during his life.

More than all of us was he conscious that the limit of our present capacity for growth

had been reached, and that something must be done at once, not only to provide a place for the collection of casts which will come to us by the generosity of Horace Smith, but also to meet the pressing necessities of the natural history department; and, with these two objects in view, the present plan of a new science building received his most hearty approval. How can we more surely perpetuate his memory than by a fresh effort now in behalf of that institution to which he devoted his life? What better memorial can we make, both to him and ourselves, than a renewed consecration of purpose to enlarge the sphere of its usefulness, and extend the measure of its influence for the intellectual and moral advancement of this community?

I cannot leave this subject without a word in reference to the love and esteem in which he was held by all his assistants within these walls; and in no way can I so well express the hold which he had upon their affections as by quoting the words of one of them: —

"There is another, an inner side of library interests, where this loss is acutely felt, — the family circle of women and lads of which Dr. Rice was the revered head. To each and all of these, the gentle, fatherly kindness and earnest interest evinced by the doctor toward

his staff as individuals is something lovely to remember, most impossible to replace; and its sunny memory will shed an enduring influence upon the lives of all thus reached. With the best will in the world, it is not always given to a librarian to achieve such results as the winning of the affection and the securing of hearty work toward a common end from his employees. This the doctor secured in a remarkable degree, and the fact is of itself a testimony to the man, and to his singleness of purpose."

Dr. Rice needs no encomium from us. His monument is builded, not only in the hearts and homes of the people in this community, but preëminently so in the magnificent success which crowns his labors in behalf of this institution.

It was his creation. Let it be his apotheosis!

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

BY

GEORGE S. MERRIAM

As I have looked forward to this occasion, there has often risen before me the distinct picture of him whom we meet here to honor. All of us can vividly recall that face and figure. We see again the slight, erect form; we see the deeply lined face, the intent gray eyes, the twinkle of humor; we hear the voice, deliberate in its utterance, as if getting the full flavor from every word. We see him promptly turning from the most absorbing conversation to listen to any inquiry or petition from the seeker for knowledge or for help. And again, as he warms with his theme, we see the form grow still more erect, we hear the almost tremulous earnestness of the voice. So we see and hear him; so we feel his atmosphere of sincerity, selflessness, enthusiasm.

His attitude and temper as we saw him in this library may be taken as typical of the way he bore himself in the larger world of life.

Here, one noted first his keen interest in all this multiplicity of books and their myriad subjects. From the alcoves of theological tomes, his original and special field, through all topics of literature, and on to the works of art, which were a late and favorite interest, he carried a healthy appetite, a keen enjoyment. But, beyond this, he was eager to share, to communicate, these interests and pleasures; he saw in all knowledge a means for building up human happiness and character; and his strongest passion was not to acquire, but to impart. He saw with far-reaching imagination the great service which this institution could render to the community; and to the advancing and perfecting of that service he brought a generous devotion, a broad judgment, a shrewd and inventive resource.

In a like spirit to that with which he labored in this library, he lived in the great world of which this is a tiny corner. Life was to him a place in which to learn, to enjoy, and to serve. In the verses which Longfellow addressed to Agassiz on his fiftieth birthday, he pictures the naturalist as a child led from its cradle into the beauties and wonders of the Father's house: —

> "And Nature, the old nurse, took
> The child upon her knee,
> Saying: 'Here is a story-book
> Thy Father has written for thee.

"'Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

"And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

"And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale."

Even so was this friend of ours led always by the hand of a heavenly guide; and, as he faithfully met each new requirement, there opened to him always new scenes of achievement and delight. Wordsworth described his typical hero under the name of "The Happy Warrior." That phrase, I think, fits well our friend. As we saw him, all his lifelong service — arduous as it sometimes was, self-forgetting as it habitually was — suggests no martyrdom, no sacrifice, but the natural and genial satisfaction of a man who in duty and labor finds his true and happy place.

His work was confined to no single or narrow field. He was essentially a minister, — in the primary sense of servant. "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Loyal and active in the ecclesiastical society, he was also in the fullest sense a member of

that larger church of God which has been defined as "organized human society." In that church he ministered by meeting whatever social need or duty presented itself.

Thus he bore a part in the great struggle for the overthrow of slavery. He told me here, a little while ago, how, as a boy at Wilbraham Academy, he was attracted to the little and unpopular band of antislavery agitators. He and some of his schoolmates organized an antislavery society in the school; and, when the school authorities frowned upon and forbade its meetings, his was the audacious hand that posted a notice to again call the society together. Dr. Rice presents an unfamiliar aspect in the attitude of a youthful rebel. Only strong family influence saved him and his associates from expulsion. When the boy became a man, he took an active part in that assertion within the Methodist Church of the rights of the slave which led to the disruption of the church, — one of the ominous cracks which preceded the earthquake of civil war. And in this same conversation he described a scene at one of the great conferences of the reunited church, when old foemen talked over in peace their bygone battles. This was but a single phase of the multifarious, ever-present civic duty, to which he was alert and responsive.

His fellow churchmen have described his service in the religious communion to which he belonged, with such warmth and fullness that I need not here dwell upon it. It was in the noble calling of preacher and pastor that the chief energies of the first half of his life were spent. Sectarian in no narrow sense, he found in the Methodist Church and ministry a fine instrument for the building up of the spiritual character. He would perhaps have found an equal instrument in some other church, had birth or circumstance so allotted. Each of our religious denominations seems to have its special character, — from the youngest, the Unitarian, with its emphasis on the religious service of the intellect, to the oldest, the Roman Catholic Church, whose noblest distinction to some of us is that, above all others, it is the church of the poor. I think Dr. Rice's natural place was in the church of John Wesley; of which the characteristics have generally been religious fervor united with administrative sagacity, and a wise adaptation of means to ends. His interest in theology was deep and always fresh. He sought and loved truth in religion, as everywhere else. If there had been no new truth to find, no old beliefs to change and broaden into ampler thoughts, the study would have lost its zest. In the ever fresh quest, there seemed to

him no suggestion of peril. His was not the temper of the explorer who burns his ships, — the heretic who risks the fire in this world and hell in the hereafter rather than silence his conviction. Our milder age calls for that type of virtue less often than of old, and this man seemed to belong to the fortunate company who enter without strife the promised land where faith and freedom are wholly at one. If any one had quoted to him, "Go with the truth if it takes you over Niagara," I think he would have responded, "But the truth never will take you over Niagara!"

He reached — by just what path I do not know, but probably by a plain and natural path — the great practical truths on which the promoters of religion and the higher life are coming to build, — that the essential work must be done in the early years of life, and that that work is the right training of all the normal faculties of the child and the man. And so education in its broad sense came to be to him of primary importance; and it was as a great, a principal means of popular education that this library became the chief object of his labor, his solicitude, his pride, and affection. And at this point I seem to hear his voice, "You 've said enough and too much about me; now I want you to talk about the library." One moment,

and I will pass to that theme. One moment, while we recall the personal element which inspired and vitalized this library. This man who was its real creator found himself in mid-life with broken health, with a thwarted career, with, to all appearance, only some brief remnant of days, — days whose pleasure and power were sapped by infirmity, but which might still be faithfully spent in some humble work in an out-of-the-way corner. So he took charge of the few shelves and their contents which were the humble beginning of the City Library. To that little collection of books he devoted himself like a mother to her child, like a gardener to his seed-bed in the spring. He arranged, enlarged, improved it. He fanned the enthusiasm of the strong and high-minded men who stood at the head of the society. He talked for the library, begged for it, schemed for it. He made its reports the tracts of a new education. He found from the outset a generous sympathy and response in a few public-spirited men of wealth. The cause had a devoted friend in the first president of the association, John L. King, whom Dr. Rice regarded as the father of the library. Mr. King gave liberally, and made others give; he carried a subscription paper in his pocket as regularly as he carried a watch; and he rested not till the present library build-

ing was secured. Its site, and a money donation of equal value, were given by George Bliss, one of Springfield's first citizens. And then, and since, the roll of the library's most serviceable friends has been largely identical with the names best known in this community for moral and material achievement, for public spirit and leadership.

To incite and guide this financial support was one side of Dr. Rice's task. Another side was to stimulate the interest of readers, and induce people to use the library. Through his annual reports for many years there runs a note of urgent and sometimes almost pathetic insistence on the treasures here offered and, as yet, so little used. Gradually on this line, too, he won success.

Meantime, his constant and chief employment was the actual building of the library itself; especially the choice of books, in which he showed a catholicity which has secured to the present collection an excellent balance and symmetry. He provided for all healthy tastes; he catered not for his individual palate alone, but for the average reader, the specialist, the enthusiast; he studied the wants and wishes of his constituency. He was choosing and training his assistants, making catalogues, conferring with other librarians, perfecting his machinery, devising improvements.

As the library grew in itself, it grew in public estimation and in general use. With this came an increasing readiness on the part of the city government, which is the organic voice of the people, to contribute liberally to its support. The culmination was reached when the library was made free to all; when, coincidently, the city's annual contribution was by custom fixed at a rate to insure ample growth and prosperity; and when, at nearly the same time, there was established a working connection with the public schools, of large value in the present, and of far greater potential value.

I said the culmination was reached. But the law of growth is: "The goal of to-day is the starting-point of to-morrow." To the library, pure and simple, has been added a department of art; an exhibition to the people of achievement in beautiful handiwork; a department of which this noble building, with its rich collections, stands as the exponent. And now a third feature is developing, — present in the library from the beginning in a humble form, taking on a modest but increasing growth, and ready now to come to full flower when a home of its own shall be provided, — the department of natural science.

"The problem of civilization," said Emerson, "is to give access to all to the masterpieces

of literature and art." The masterpieces, too, we may add, of science and of nature. Visit this library, this art museum, this science museum that is to be; visit these, our public schools, and our Forest Park, and you will see what is doing here to give access to all to the masterpieces of man and of nature.

Consider just what position should be held by the City Library Association, with its three branches of literature, art, and science, among the forces of this city. What, in general, are the educating, the formative influences of the modern community? First of all is the central cell, the home, the natural source and spring of obedience, love, and happiness. Next is the common organism, the political framework of government, with a requirement whose exigency and many-sidedness we are only beginning to appreciate, — the state itself, with issues of life and death waiting on the fidelity or the negligence of its citizens. Then we have the church, learning to shape its vast traditional power to the needs of to-day; freshly defining and practicing its true functions of moral leadership and spiritual inspiration. And then, in this social organism, matching in its complexity and possible harmony the organism of nature herself, — then we have the threefold education of the school, the newspaper, and the library.

In these three factors, — newspaper press, public school, and library, — Springfield is exceptionally fortunate. This community owes an inestimable debt — owes a good deal of what is soundest and best in its political and social life — to a daily newspaper education through fifty years. But the newspaper at its best, — and how much more the average newspaper, not to descend to the depths of the newspaper at its worst, — the newspaper of whatever quality is entirely one-sided, and inadequate as the sole literary food of man or woman. An exclusively newspaper diet is one cause of the prevalent American dyspepsia, — the shallowness, the restlessness, the dearth of serene atmosphere and noble outlook. Even on the especial theme of the newspaper, on politics, there can be no fit equipment for the voter's duty without something of that knowledge of his country, its institutions, its history, which only books can supply.

So, again, the schools have a great part of their service in creating the taste, the hunger, the aptitude, which, in after life, can be exercised and satisfied in books. Wisely and well is our school instruction reaching out to things as well as to books ; wisely and well is it teaching the eye something besides the printed page, and training, too, the hand and the larger brain.

But for the gathered wealth of the past, — for history, for poetry, for storied lives, for systematic thought, for access to the higher world of humanity, — still must our pupils be sent to the treasure house of literature. The library is the necessary supplement of the newspaper; it is the rightful companion and sequence of the public school.

The treasury of literature, — think a little what it means. Would you have noble acquaintances? would you be taken into the talk of Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam? would you share the letters of Mrs. Browning to her friends? Here in the library you shall find that companionship. Would you travel into the Arctic world, with its grandeur and terror? would you come in touch with the human courage and fortitude which gives the wild scene its best significance? Here on these shelves you shall find Nansen's story. Would you know the men in whom has lived the true soul of America? Hear Franklin's story of his own life, see how Washington bore the burdens of a nation, catch Lincoln's profound and homely wisdom, and the laughter that lightened his load, listen to Grant as, in even tones, unshaken by pain, he tells at the end the story of his great career. Would you listen to the prophets and apostles of the ages? would you com-

mune with the heroes of thought and action? would you sit at the feet of the Messiahs and the Madonnas? Here, here they all await you.

There are two aspects of the library — I speak now of its literary side — which especially interest me. One is the spontaneous, unguided choice of the common reader. Hardly any alcove is so interesting as that in which, next the distributing desk, are placed the books which are oftenest called for. Dear old classics of the people, with worn leaves and rubbed corners, tokens of many an absorbed and happy hour! And, as a general thing, how wholesome and good they are! not always favorites with the critics, but stirring with manly adventure, or with the perpetual charm of an honest love story, or with a tender domestic atmosphere. All stories, you say? Well, and what else is the greatest literature? Homer is a story, and Shakespeare is all stories, and the Bible is a mine of stories. Who was the Story-teller that caught the world's heart with the tale of the prodigal son?

Then, other than this spontaneous, unguided choice of the average reader, are the possibilities — already largely realized here — of a helpful guidance to the right books. This library has not only printed but also living catalogues; it has those who can tell the inquirer where to

find what he needs. The function of an unobtrusive, helpful guidance is to grow, as the library reaches the new ideal. At this point the functions of the teacher and librarian touch. The schools and the library will more and more help each other. A librarian in a western city has lately taken pains to learn from the public school teachers at what age the reading habit can be formed, and reaches the conclusion that it may be done between seven and eleven. Plant and guide at that age the taste for good books, and what a barrier against evil, what a fruitage of happiness and growth, have you secured!

Again, this library offers, on the one hand, a resource of entertainment and instruction to any one, however young or ill-taught, who knows enough to read; and also it offers a matchless workshop and armory to the scholar. It tends to create scholars. It gives a little provincial town advantages like those of the great cities. This collection of a hundred thousand volumes, — how many men in this region could command an equal possession, even in point of expense, or, given the expense, could with equal judgment select? All this magnificent equipment lies ready and open to the service of any student. Maintain such institutions in your cities, and they will be natural breeding-places of

scholars, — of men and women with the trained intelligence, the large outlook, the generous enthusiasm, and the temper of service which mark the true scholar.

Well might I go on to speak of the special ministration of art which this building affords; of the ennobling influence of beauty in its association with human handicraft; of the large accomplishment, the larger promise, which are here exhibited. But limit of time constrains me to pass to a single word upon the third function of this educational work, just now at the emergent point, — the collections of natural science. Its broad aim is to serve as a gate-house and entrance into the larger treasury of nature herself. Its design is to so exhibit the minerals, plants, animals, of this region, that the learner shall come into direct and familiar acquaintance with the operations of nature's workshop. These objects do not merely offer entertainment for an idle hour; they are the A, B, C, by which to learn the language of the great story-book.

A scientific man was asked, "When you look at a tree, do you see only the bark and leaves?" He answered, "I see, too, the inside of the tree; my imagination looks at fibres, and veins, and coursing sap." Show to young eyes, not blinded yet by dull custom, yonder collection

of transverse sections of various woods, and you have given the first lesson in that sight to which the tree-bark becomes transparent.

The poet on the lonely hilltop muses: —

> "This pebble is older than Adam,
> Secrets it has to tell;
> These rocks they cry out history,
> Could I but listen well."

Let us enable our children to "listen well;" let us teach them at first hand this pebble and plant alphabet of nature.

Such, in hasty glance, is the nature and purpose of this institution. And whence came the institution? It came, in a large sense, from the personal interest and generous gifts of a few citizens. Then the community itself, through its government, undertook a considerable share of its maintenance, leaving the control and administration in the association that had exercised a wise trusteeship. And now, again, for further development, it looks to private citizens of large thoughts and of means that match their thoughts. It is a felicitous instance of the co-working of private generosity and public self-care, — a combination by which we are very largely working our way always to a happier and better society.

What gave us Forest Park? What secured forever to the whole people that masterpiece

of nature, the fairest spot within our borders? The generosity of a few givers, accepted and carried on by the whole community. Just this combination — the pioneering of a public enterprise by private wealth, its adoption or support by the whole community — is one of the successful ways in which our practical race is getting on to better things.

We will not only dream of Utopias; we will construct them. The dreamer and idealist has his place, but the kingdom of God cometh not with observation. By no suddenly voted world scheme, by no catastrophic revolution, is the world to be saved. It will be saved, it is being saved, by the silent fidelities, the unobtrusive self-devotions, of common men and women, the rich and the poor.

This institution has sprung from labor, thought, devotion, given not for fame nor reward, but for the good of others, and for the joy of the giving. Our newspapers, our schools, our library, — each has its life-blood in the devotion of men and women, — teachers, editors, librarians, — most of whom will never be known to the public by sight or name. For the most part it is their lot "to widen knowledge, and escape the praise." Where the virtue rises into conspicuity, there we gladly honor it, and, in honoring the leader, pay tribute to his un-

seen followers. The press, the school system, the public library of this city, — each of the three had its inspiring and creating source in some one man who gave himself, heart and brain, not counting the cost. For this, especially, we honor the memory of William Rice.

For this public service, especially, we honor him. But how much besides was there in the man, of high and fine, which has not here been touched on! I have not glanced at that most sacred element in his life, its domestic and private affections. I have scarcely hinted at the constant and ready helpfulness to associates and strangers, —

> "That best portion of a good man's life,
> His little daily unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

I have not tried to analyze his intellectual traits; the happy combination of aptitude for the abstract with instinct for the practical, the blending of ideality, shrewdness, and tact. I have not touched on the bed-rock quality of patience, nor the genial atmosphere of humor. Still less have I essayed to group the little personal traits and ways which went to make up the real man as his friends knew him.

And, as again there comes before us the image of him in life, — the slight, frail form, so charactered by the soul, — from his work,

which was great, our hearts go out to the man, who was greater. That spirit which found here its exercise and service and delight; which was disciplined by life's experiences; which doubtless bore its own heavy burdens and sorrows; which ripened in strength and sweetness, in faith and love, — that spirit our thought and imagination can no longer follow, but we may reach out toward its unknown home in awe and tenderness and hope. Books, libraries, institutions, all shall pass: —

> "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

> "But heard are the Voices,
> Heard are the Sages,
> The Worlds and the Ages:
> 'Choose well! Your choice is
> Brief and yet endless.
>
> "'Here eyes do behold you
> In Eternity's stillness,
> Here is all fullness,
> Ye brave, to reward you; —
> Work, and despair not!'"

REMARKS

BY

THOMAS L. BALLIET, PH. D.

I HAVE been invited to speak of Dr. Rice's work in the cause of public education, and I shall do so very briefly. In a very broad sense, his whole life was devoted to education, and it is difficult to characterize any period of it as one in which he was not virtually giving himself to this cause. But his official connection with the State Board of Education and with the School Committee of this city marks out a period of about eighteen years as one during which he assumed official responsibilities of an important kind in connection with the educational interests of the city and the State. When he was a member of the State Board, he was, for most of the time, the local visitor of the normal school at Westfield, and the high reputation of this school during that period was largely due to the wisdom with which he directed the policy of the board in regard to the school. When it is remembered that, during

these years, most of the teachers of Springfield who had received professional training at all were graduates of this school, it becomes evident that even his labors on the State Board were of a character to affect directly and vitally the schools of Springfield. But it was as a member of the School Committee of this city that he did his most effective work in the cause to which he devoted so many of his best years. During this period of nearly eighteen years, from 1865 to 1882, the number of pupils in our schools almost doubled, many of our most important schoolhouses were erected, and the course of study was revised, and the character of the teaching modernized. It was through the influence of Dr. Rice that, in 1869, the high school course was extended from three to four years, and the school was raised to the standard required for preparing for college. During his connection with the School Committee, the attendance at the high school almost doubled, and the number of graduates increased from twenty-one to forty-four. Dr. Rice had made a study of education, which was very unusual at that time for a person not actually engaged in teaching; and he was in a position to influence and, at times, to direct the policy of the schools to an extent that made his services on the committee exceptionally valu-

able. This interest in the study of education and educational theories he never lost. I have found few men whose chief labor and study must be in other lines that were so familiar with, and so genuinely in sympathy with, the most recent advances in educational thought and practice.

In his later years, in conducting our admirable and rapidly growing public library, one of the things which lay nearest his heart was how to make the library an effective force in the public schools. This is a problem at which many librarians are working to-day, and which Dr. Rice was one of the first to recognize, and one of the most successful in solving. During my ten years' connection with our public schools, I cannot recall a single privilege which was asked for by the schools, and which could possibly be granted under the rules of the library, which was not most cheerfully granted. More than this, Dr. Rice devoted a great deal of time and thought to the question of how to tempt both teachers and pupils to make a larger use of the library. He placed copies of catalogues in our grammar schools; and printed a special list of juvenile books, which he distributed among our teachers. He allowed teachers to take out six times as many books for the use of their pupils as are allowed other persons, and

permitted them to retain them twice as long without renewal.

Through this liberal policy, the library has become a very essential factor in our public school work; it has broadened the teaching, and has added an interest and a zest to the instruction in the common school studies which were in years past entirely lacking. Not the least important result of this policy is the fact that children are led, through the schools, to form in their early years the habit of using the public library, and of looking upon it as a source of pleasure. It was the special desire of Dr. Rice that a very close connection be established between the library and the high school. The fact that the two buildings are located so near together renders this less difficult than it would otherwise be. During the last six or seven years, the connection between the two institutions has been rapidly becoming more close every year. The public library has, to a large extent, taken the place of a special high school library, and has made a large outlay of money for such a library unnecessary. Classes from the high school are taken to the library for special work, and the assistant librarians lay out in a convenient place the books in the particular subject studied. This method of study is particularly valuable in the depart-

ments of history, of literature, of art, and of science.

This is but a very brief and incomplete sketch of Dr. Rice's work in the interest of our schools. Highly important as it was, it was, after all, but a small part of the larger work as director, through the library, of the intellectual growth of our city. He was a great intellectual, moral, and spiritual force in the community. I think it was Froude who said, after his return from a tour around the world, that, after all, he would go farther to see a great man than to see a great mountain, a great cathedral, or a great pyramid. In like manner we may say that a noble and good man is better than his best work. In the death of Dr. Rice, the city of Springfield lost an official whose work was invaluable, and will tell on the life of the community for years to come; but what was of far deeper significance was the fact that every one who had personally known him sustained a personal loss. Dr. Rice's life was a benediction to this community; and, far-reaching as the influence of his great work will be through the years to come, all who knew him will feel that something has gone forever out of their lives.

REMARKS

BY

REV. GEORGE C. BALDWIN

STILL another word is to be said concerning our honored friend. No complete analysis of Dr. Rice's character, nor any adequate judgment of his work, can be made which does not include a consideration of him as a minister of the gospel. His vocation was not an accident, but an harmonious employment of varied powers of mind and heart, finding therein true and forceful expression. His own character ripened around this centre of personal experience; and the unfoldings of that long and helpful life were under the dominance of that master motive which led him, as a young man, to consecrate himself to the Christian ministry. We are quite insistent upon this; for, as we see it, you can account in no other way for that unique quality which attached to Dr. Rice's work as a librarian. For Dr. Rice did not leave the Christian ministry when he became librarian. As he saw it, he simply passed into another phase of the selfsame work. How often we

have heard him in glowing words depict the larger compass of the gospel of God's love, — large as the world, the whole world, — the world of letters as well as deeds, — a world of the intellect as well as the emotions. And to be able to serve this glorious gospel, working upward into larger and wider life, was to him a joy. That profound earnestness which brought so much to pass had its explanation back there in the basal conviction of a religious duty. I am deeply impressed with this. Dr. Rice never forgot his vows. His library was, in a deep, true sense, another part of God's church. His work, also, was part and phase of that progressive process whereby God's world is being saved, — saved out of ignorance as well as out of sin, into holiness, — wholeness.

The personal characteristics got their tone, and coloring, and moulding from this dominant motive. That bottom integrity, that naïve simplicity, that red-blooded sympathy, that bubbling, sparkling humor, that catholic charity, that resistless, irrepressible enthusiasm, that childlike heart, — all those varied and bright qualities were pitched to one key, and that one of the selfsame work.

It is not amiss, then, that a tribute to him and to his work should be made at this time by a minister in behalf of the ministers of the city.

There are no superior qualifications that mark the speaker from his brethren. We were one in obligation for services given lavishly and heartily, — one in a respect which leaned toward true reverence, — and — those of us, at least, who had known him for any length of time — one in an affection whose compass we know now, as the days pass, and our longing does not lessen.

Surely we have special qualifications to speak of Dr. Rice. His service to us was special. Few libraries in the land, even of the divinity schools, have a finer equipment than is furnished us in the theological alcove. To its formation and enlargement Dr. Rice brought not merely a well-trained mind, but a discriminating and a singularly unprejudiced mind. He exploited no theory, nor used his position in any partisan way. All the best treasures of the best thought were furnished us.

And he was the ideal keeper of all these treasures. Dr. Rice was no card catalogue. He knew those books. When we went with a subject that perplexed and a problem which baffled us, into all the hesitancy he entered with quivering sympathy, and came to our rescue, pointing out this book, or that chapter, or this illustration, taking our burden upon himself, and recklessly squandering his treasures upon our sermons, and papers, and addresses,

persistently and helpfully. We received more than good stories from him, — subjects for sermons, and papers, and addresses. He was a gracious, opulent providence to us all the time. And he did more than supply actual, crying wants. He created them. One of his functions was to educate the ministers. What he was trying to do for the schools, he was doing for us. Dr. Rice first interpreted for me the function of the librarian. He was n't so much a keeper of books as he was a teacher of men. To the ministry of Springfield Dr. Rice was a continual stimulant and inspiration to larger things and greater. His catholic charity was a result, — the result of large training. A loyal Methodist, it seldom occurred to us that he was a Methodist. Every earnest soul got from him a response, not of that base thing called toleration, but of an active, downright, forthright fellowship.

This broad-minded sympathy was fired by a resistless and persistent enthusiasm. Dr. Rice seemed to have found the secret of perpetual youth; that sacred, heedless giving of one's self, utterly, with passion, which is a property of youth, was emphatically Dr. Rice's characteristic. He never grew old. The years seemed to render him more responsive. The courage of his hope was contagious. He was a blessed

optimist in philosophy as well as heart. We are disposed to think this the sanest philosophy, after all. Things, as well as men, respond to a pitch of our own hearts.

The secret of Dr. Rice's grip on us lay, then, in his great, tender heart. I remember distinctly the time I was introduced to him. A stranger in a strange city, like Dr. Balliet, my first introduction was to the library. At the entrance to the library was Dr. Rice. I saw a little, lithe man, with a large head, who, with extended hand, turned quickly his big gray eyes upon me. Nor did that suffice, but he flung his other arm around me, and began to tell a good story of Dr. Ide and the former days. The warm clasp was pledge and token of a personal interest which was genuine, and which was not backward to have utterance. Dr. Rice as a man of rare executive ability, as an honest and earnest and tireless worker, commanded our respect; but Dr. Rice as a brother, as a man with a great living heart, won our love. These buildings are consecrated by a pure touch which art and literature can never give, — the touch of a human love; and I come back again to the starting-point, — a human love consecrated to a divine duty, — to mediate those things also in the spirit as well as the name of the God whom he loved and served, and who now has taken him to himself.

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BY REV. WILLIAM RICE, D. D.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

A SEMI-CENTENNIAL! half a hundred years! It is a long time to look back upon, a long time in the history of an individual. But the years have glided away. As a dream flies with the brightening day, they have fled. It would have seemed to me a mistake that my name was mentioned in connection with this anniversary, only that I recognize the changes that have come to our Church and to this Conference since I became a member of it, and that they have not come suddenly, but that I have seen and known and felt them as they came, many of them with gratitude and rejoicing, some of them with feelings of loss and sadness. As I look over the Conference of to-day, how few I see of the associates of my early labors! Almost all have gone who were active workers, burden-bearers, when my name was entered upon the roll. And yet the work goes on.

True it is that institutions live, though the individuals composing them are mortal. They pass away, and their places are filled by others. "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work."

A few days ago, when I began to think of this meeting, and of the speech set down to me, I asked a young friend in the ministry, "What shall I talk about?" He answered: "I would make the speech as reminiscent as possible. Tell us of the scenes of your early ministry, of the prominent men of that day, and especially of the fights in which you have had a hand. Give us a picture of old-fashioned Methodism."

I pondered upon this advice, recalling the most salient events of my ministry and the most distinguished of my associates; but, not feeling quite satisfied, I asked another young friend, a minister in another Conference, the same question, and he answered on this wise: "Instead of glorifying old-fashioned Methodism, glorify the new. Note the wonderful improvements of the age, — the better taste in regard to church building, the better education of our ministry, the more intelligent and critical study of the Bible, the decline of sectarian narrowness and bigotry, the improved relations with other churches, the great expansion of missionary and philanthropical activity. If an old fogy might tell why the old times were better than the new, there is abundant reason why an old man whose heart is young and hopeful and progressive should enlarge upon the fact that the new times are better than the old."

"In the multitude of counselors there is safety," say the words of Holy Writ; but, alas! in the multitude of counselors there must be sometimes doubt and perplexity.

So thought I, as I weighed these counsels. But into this doubt broke a sudden light, a revelation of the truth that there was a sameness in these seemingly opposite counsels. In both, the main idea was the same, that of glorifying Methodism. What, indeed, have the terms "old-fashioned" and "new-fashioned" to do with Methodism, except to show with what circumstances its genius has struggled, and under what conditions its vital characteristics have been developed? For it is not Methodism that has changed, so much as its surroundings. Methodism is the revival of spiritual life, — the true principle of spiritual reform fitting itself to its surroundings, becoming, like Paul, "all things to all men," that it may "by all means save some."

If the early Methodist preachers were some of them ignorant men, it was not because this "new religion," as it was called, demanded an uneducated ministry; it was because these men, in the zeal of their new-found joy, could not refrain from calling others to share in it. They declared what they did know to people who knew not the great salvation, and who, on

other subjects, were not less ignorant than themselves; and often they reaped a glorious harvest. These men, indeed, were such as the exigencies of the times called into the work, — a ministry less trained in the schools, but not less efficient, possessing in a surprising degree sound sense and manly energy, — such men as great exigencies always produce. But, as progress was the order of society, and education and culture increased in the community, the ministers of the Methodist churches kept pace with this progress; nay, shall I not say, they kept in advance of it.

So, also, if our early preachers made their most stirring appeals to the people in some farmer's kitchen, in some village schoolhouse, or in some roomy barn, redolent of the sweet-scented hay, it was not that these preachers were at home only in these places; it was that no churches were open to them. Their message was to men, and all places were alike acceptable where listeners would assemble, and the eagerness of these people hungry for the bread of life was their inspiration. It is said that Wilbur Fisk, cultured scholar and orator as he was, never preached more eloquently than in some of these schoolhouses and barns.

But when the people called Methodists began to have something of this world's goods, and to

build more spacious and comfortable houses for themselves, they were ready to give of their substance to build houses wherein to worship God. Thus have our churches increased in numbers and in value according to the number and wealth of our people, and now we are building these churches at the rate of nearly three a day.

Oh, that in these churches there might gather always and ever listeners as sincere and eager as waited upon our early preachers! and oh! in her prosperity, may our beloved church never lose the character she has borne, as especially raised up to preach the gospel to the poor!

The essential features of Methodism, then, have not changed, but the church has wonderfully grown in numbers and influence. The sturdy little sapling, struggling through the stony soil, stretching its arms to the sun and sky, has become the stately tree, with its branches reaching to the farthest borders of the land.

In June, 1841, I came, as a boy of twenty, to the New England Conference, at its session in Worcester, and asked for admission. Perhaps a few statistics may indicate better than many words the comparison between those days and these, or the progress of half a century.

The Minutes of that year show in the Conference a membership of 12,082; last year, the membership was 36,342. The number of ministers stationed was 75; last year, it was 237.

I will take, to illustrate this progress, the statistics of my own city. As Springfield was early visited by the Methodist preachers, the increase there more justly represents the actual strength gained than would statistics from a rapidly growing western city. In 1841, there were two churches and 366 members; in 1890, five churches and a membership of 1,547. The valuation of church property is also an index of the wonderful growth of Methodism. The churches in Springfield, in 1841, were worth about $4,500; in 1890, the valuation is $208,000. And this amount does not represent so much of debt, but the amount actually raised and paid for the Methodist churches in the city and by the Methodist people there.

Let me add a few statistics of the church at large. In 1841, there was a membership of 914,000 in the entire country. Of this number, 576,397 were in the Northern Conferences, which now show a membership of 2,236,463. The number of ministers in full connection and on trial, in 1841, was 2,697; in 1890, 14,792. Local preachers in 1841, 4,293; in 1890, 14,072.

There were twenty-one conferences in the Northern Church, and one mission conference, at that time. There are now one hundred and twelve conferences in the regular work, and seventeen missionary conferences. If to this membership in our own church we add the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the Colored Churches, and the various other organized Methodist bodies, we have an aggregate of 4,980,240 members. The number of bishops in the entire church, North and South, was then six. It is now eighteen in the Northern Church alone, including two missionary bishops. The statistics of church property in 1841, I have not been able to obtain. To-day, the value of our churches is $96,350,482, and of parsonages, $14,450,000. The net capital of our Book Concern (East and West) now amounts to $2,822,358, and this is almost entirely the gain of the fifty years, as the disastrous fire of 1833 destroyed whatever had accumulated, and the comparatively small amount gained subsequently was divided with the Southern Church in 1844. In 1841, we had about forty educational institutions of various grades, many of them weak and feeble. To-day we have fifty-five colleges, including eight female colleges, and sixty-seven seminaries of the higher grade. We have, also, ten theological institutions. Such are a few

of our statistics, which indicate better than extended description the character and the extent of the progress of our church during this period.

Dr. Sherman has told us, in his admirable "History of the Discipline," that "the economy of Methodism is eminently practical and flexible, readily adjusting itself to new and strange conditions;" and that "the new life inspiring the movement constantly endeavors to express itself outwardly:" and he argues that "the importance of this cause in the unfolding of the movement will be observed in the fact that Methodism is a revival rather than a theology, a life rather than a theoretical system. In other words, the life was not an outgrowth of the system, but the system of the life." And his work traces the progress of that system, in its various departments, from the beginning until our day.

Now, I cannot, of course, detail the history of that development and progress for the last fifty years in the few moments allotted me. I cannot enumerate even the changes in our disciplinary arrangements which mark that progress. I wish, however, to touch upon two or three of these changes, which, to me, are of especial interest.

1. One of these relates to the provision for

the practical recognition of the doctrine of our church in regard to the relation of children to the church organization.

It has come to pass, in our day, that few preach, and fewer still believe, that infants are lost, — that "hell is paved with infants' skulls." Even the sects which once taught this doctrine have come to conclude that *somehow* grace is provided for all who die before reaching the period of personal responsibility.

But what is held indefinitely, and therefore vaguely and uncertainly, by many, is held by us, as a church, as a plain, positive, and definite doctrine of divine revelation. We believe that all children are born into the world redeemed; that they belong to Christ, and not to the devil; that it was through the atonement only that there has ever been a childhood; that it was an accomplished redemption which placed the first child in the first mother's arms; that our Saviour "tasted death for every man," and therefore for every child; and that, consequently, his blood avails for the salvation of all who do not willfully reject him, and this children cannot do. The grand doctrine of our church has always been that this world is a redeemed world, and that all children are the children of promise. Our doctrine of infant baptism is based upon this

truth. We baptize children, not as Calvinistic churches do, in view of their relation to believing parents, but in view of their covenant relation to Christ himself, as the subjects of his grace and the lambs of his flock.

But, notwithstanding all this, there was, for a long period, a failure in our church to recognize the force of this doctrine in its bearing upon the church relation of children. We held that infants were saved if they died in infancy, but that they sustained no positive relation to the visible church organization.

Those who taught that infants were not only saved if they died, but that they were saved because they were redeemed, and, by virtue of that redemption, were in Christ's spiritual kingdom and actual members of his visible church, were held by many as heretical. I well remember a long discussion upon this subject in the early days of my ministry, in which those who held this view were branded as radically unsound. There seemed, for a considerable period, to be doubt and perplexity as to the nature and force of the church relation of infants. Our Discipline, in its provision in reference to baptized children, when I came into the ministry, seemed to countenance the opinion that there was nothing vital in that relation. The only directions which looked toward church membership

seemed to involve the idea that, notwithstanding their baptism, they were still in the outside world, to be recognized for the time being as unregenerate and belonging to Satan. I remember well that, in the discussion to which I have referred, Father Taylor, "the old man eloquent" of our Conference in that day, uttered a declaration which was startling in its truth as to the practical position of our church at that time, as indicated by the Discipline.

"You bring your children into the church," said he, "and baptize them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and then toss them over to the devil, as if they were so many blind puppies."

The words of the Discipline in reference to baptized children were: "Such as are truly serious, and manifest a desire to flee from the wrath to come, shall be advised to join society as probationers." In other words, they were regarded and treated as others outside the church, and to be encouraged to come into it, on giving satisfactory evidence of a desire to "flee from the wrath to come."

Indeed, such was the influence upon us of the old view of native depravity, as held by the churches about us, that many of our ministry hesitated more about this class of converts than in reference to those more advanced in life.

As Mrs. Stowe's biographer has remarked, "There was a fear lest there might be something wrong in the case of lambs who had come into the fold without being first chased all over the lot by the shepherd."

But the discussion of the real meaning of the grand old doctrine of universal redemption which we held, and which had been the glory of our church, and had given us success in our battles with the followers of Augustine and Calvin, went on among us. The application of this doctrine to the relation of children to Christ and his church came to be more clearly seen. Such men as Hibbard and Mercein and Stevens and True and Haven and Cummings entered into the discussion. Able articles were written for our Quarterly, and for our other periodicals, and embodied in books: and, as the result of all this, there came to be a recognition of the fact that our children were related to the church spiritually and vitally; that, when our Lord said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," it was no figure of speech, but a first truth in the divine economy, that he affirmed; and that the command which accompanied this declaration, "Suffer little children to come unto me," was a command officially delivered to the apostles, to be transmitted to the church through all the ages, and for the fulfillment of which

the church must give an account. Recognizing this truth, the General Conference embodied it in a series of provisions which appear for the first time in the Discipline of 1856, under the head of "The Relation of Baptized Children to the Church."

This section of the Discipline provides for the practical application of the doctrine I have indicated. I need not repeat here this admirable chapter, which was prepared by Dr. F. G. Hibbard, who had given years of careful and patient study to the truths it embodies, and who had so ably advocated in our church periodicals and in his published works the doctrine upon which it was based.

In 1864, the chapter was still further strengthened in its practical character by making it the duty of every preacher in charge to "organize the baptized children into classes, and appoint suitable leaders, male or female, who shall meet them once a week, and give them the help and instruction and encouragement they need," — a duty which, I fear, many of our ministers neglect, and yet a duty which, in my judgment, is one of the most vital and important of the duties enjoined upon our pastors. If this world of ours is ever saved, it will be by this process, — by the nurture of the children, by the care of the church for its own, — rather than by the

conquest and conversion of the outside adult population.

But I must not dwell longer upon this subject. I rejoice that now and henceforth we can invite and urge our people to bring their children to our Zion, not to be outer-court worshipers, but to bow down amidst the altars and ordinances, and to receive the sprinkling of blood and of water, the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

2. I cannot forget, as I stand here to-day, that, when I entered the church, it was at the very beginning of one of the grandest moral conflicts ever waged on this earth, the conflict with American slavery.

The antislavery party was in its infancy when I entered into the ministry. The General Conference of 1840 had passed the atrocious "Few Resolution," which forbade the introduction of negro testimony against whites in church trials, wherever the abominable slave laws forbade such testimony in the civil courts. The previous General Conference (1836) had severely condemned the conduct of two of its members in lecturing upon the subject of slavery, and had declared, as the sentiment of the delegates, that "they are decidedly opposed to modern abolitionism, and wholly disclaim any right, wish, or intention to interfere in the civil

and political relation between master and slave, as it exists in the slaveholding states of this Union." This body, moreover, in its pastoral address, solemnly advised the whole Methodist Church "to abstain from all abolition movements and associations," and "wholly to refrain from this agitating subject." The Bishops, in their address to the General Conference of 1840, indorsed the counsel of the pastoral address of 1836, as given "in the true spirit of the ministers of the peaceful gospel of Christ."

But the antislavery spirit would not down at the bidding of either General Conferences or Bishops. And so rapid was the spread of its doctrines that, even in four years, it had gained strength to secure by a strong vote, in the General Conference of 1844, the suspension of a bishop from the discharge of his episcopal functions, while incumbered with slaves. This resulted in rending the Church in twain: but the fight still went on in the Northern Church; for along our borders were several conferences which still clung to slavery. But, in 1860, the triumph came, in the adoption of a chapter in the Discipline declaring, "we believe that the buying, selling, or holding of human beings, to be used as chattels, is contrary to the laws of God and nature, and inconsistent with the Golden Rule." Four years later, the clause in

the General Rules was amended by vote of the General Conference, subsequently ratified by the Annual Conferences, so as to forbid, explicitly and unqualifiedly, "slaveholding, buying or selling slaves."

The secession of the Southern Church we deplored: but, in the providence of God, it probably led to the secession of the Southern States and the war of the rebellion; and this, under the control of that same providence, though at immense cost of life and treasure, resulted in the final overthrow of this terrible system of human bondage. It is now buried, I trust, beyond the possibility of a resurrection.

This antislavery question had agitated the church from the very beginning. It was supposed to be settled again and again; but nothing is ever settled, in the domain of morals, until it is settled right. That right decision has been reached as to chattel slavery, and the storm and conflict have died away; but the mutterings of the storm still linger in our ears in the agitations of to-day as to the color line. The race question still remains, — the hateful legacy of slavery, — and will be settled only when the gospel principle of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God is universally recognized, and equal rights and equality of privileges are granted to all, without respect to race or color.

If there is one thing more than another which has given me satisfaction in looking back upon my life-work, it is that in this great antislavery battle I was in the fight from the beginning to the end, and on the right side.

3. It has been the historical and normal genius of Methodism, as I have already said, to adapt itself to the exigencies of the times. But there has been a conservative spirit as well as a progressive one, and the church has moved slowly sometimes, but it *has moved*, and generally in the right direction. It has never favored hasty changes, even in the direction of progress; but, after there has been an opportunity for mature consideration, the reform has been accomplished. And this remark leads me to mention one other subject, by way of illustration, which was the occasion of long discussion, resulting, finally, in action; namely, the question of lay delegation.

From the very beginning of our church, this question was agitated. Even Asbury anticipated lay delegation as a probability, and suggested a plan for it. But so "reckless," in the judgment of its opponents, were the "agitators" for this reform in the earlier days, that, in the General Conference of 1828, after a severe conflict, the question was decided against lay delegation by a strong majority, and the

church was rent asunder, and the Methodist Protestant Church was born. How much the determined opposition of the bishops of that day led to this result, I will not say; but, although that General Conference imagined that the question of lay delegation was settled, it was settled only for a brief period. The appeal for lay delegation was renewed, and the church had learned wisdom from its experience. Its sober second thought welcomed the question; and, though the advocates of the change were assailed with the same cry of revolution and destruction which every great reform movement encounters, that appeal was wisely entertained. The leader in the advocacy of this reform was the most far-seeing and eloquent of our bishops, and a great array of able champions appeared in its defense. But it was carefully and calmly considered. Its advocates were content to submit it, as a constitutional question, to the entire church for its action, and the measure was finally carried by an overwhelming majority. The introduction of lay delegates into the law-making body of the church was the most important change which has been made in our ecclesiastical polity since its organization. The result has more than justified the anticipations and predictions of the warmest advocates of this reform. The practical talent which these men have

brought to the consideration of questions of finance, the increased interest which they have felt in our affairs, and the wise conservatism which their loyalty and their sound and tried judgment have infused into our councils, have been widely felt, and been very generally acknowledged. The future historian of our church will refer to this action as one of the most signal improvements in our polity, and one of the best guarantees of our success in the future. With lay delegation has come an immense increase of efficiency and power and success to the church, demonstrated by the history and the statistics of almost twenty years.

The opposers of the further provision for the representation of women in our General Conference might learn a profitable lesson from the history of this decision.

4. I have presented several points of modification in our disciplinary arrangements and ecclesiastical polity which indicate progress, and I am happy to be able to say that the whole trend of our church has been in that direction. I note here, however, one or two exceptions, which I will not dwell upon; namely, the addition of provisions contrary to the letter and spirit of our General Rules, requiring new tests of membership, doctrinal and prudential; and, also, the introduction of a clause in the

directions for the trial of bishops and ministers, adding to the words, "Articles of Religion," the vague and indefinite phrase, "or established standards of doctrine," no other standards being specified. This last unwise modification, introduced in 1880, was the result, apparently, of a little doctrinal flurry over the publication of a volume by one of the bishops, alleged to be unsound in its eschatology.

This is an age of progress. Other changes will be demanded in our economy, and will be made. Changes will come, too, in our views of Christian truth. New light is shining in every department of human knowledge; in science there is wonderful progress; and so, also, in philosophy, theology, and biblical criticism. With this new light in all these departments of thought, and especially with the more intelligent and critical study of the Scriptures, there will come reconstructions in our opinions, and the abandonment of many traditional views; but the more clearly we follow the demands of the best Christian scholarship of the age, the more fully shall we be prepared for our work as Christian ministers. If we are to hold our own as a church, and maintain our mastery over the minds of men in the future, it will not be by decrying the progress of sound knowledge, by defending past methods of thinking, or false

science, or obsolete exegesis; but it will be by accepting all that sound criticism may give us, recognizing the fact that the abiding truths of Christianity will have increasing power if they speak in language that convinces the intelligence as well as the conscience and the heart.

It has been well said that "Methodism is not an historical accident;" that God "enacts no such casualty with our fallen humanity." It is a movement of providence in the earth; and they who have the providential responsibility for it stand before the world, foremost, perhaps, in accountability for the progress of truth and righteousness among men.

The fathers are departing. To you, young men, with the advantages that have come to you which the fathers never had, come the additional responsibilities which these superior advantages bring with them. You have entered the ministry of the Methodist Church upon a higher plane and with a larger outlook than was possible to those who have gone before you. You have the prestige of its numbers and its wealth. You have its liberal theology, which has leavened the theologies of the other churches. You have its progressive and effective ecclesiastical system, which provides for its own improvement, and seeks to adapt itself to the demands of the times. You have its array

of educational means and agencies, continually developing in their scope and their efficiency. You must be the burden-bearers for this great and progressive church. You must fight her battles, and win her victories.

Go forth, then, boldly and trustfully into the new century of social, political, and intellectual activity which is dawning upon you. Go forth in the name of your Master, and thoroughly imbued with his spirit. May God give you grace and strength, and enable you to be worthy followers of the great and good men who have gone before you! May he help you to hold up the banners of the church in the great fight with evil and sin, and to transmit them to those who shall follow you! God grant that they may be borne at last in triumph before a yielding and conquered world!

One moment more, brethren. Will you pardon me, if I recall a vision of the past?

This new church fades from my sight, and I find myself over the way, in the church where the fathers worshiped.

The Conference is in session. The presiding officer is the revered senior superintendent, the beloved New England bishop, Elijah Hedding, dignified, yet genial, with the face so often described as resembling that of Washington, and with that accurate estimate of men, that clear-

ness of judgment, and profound practical wisdom, which made him, as well as Washington, great among men.

And here is Enoch Mudge, the first native New England minister, with his snow-white locks and beautiful countenance, which always brought to my mind the Apostle John as he sat in the church at Ephesus, as tradition tells us, and said to the people as they came and went, "Little children, love one another." Ah! how well I remember my last visit to this sainted man, as he lay dying at his home across the street! how well I remember how he threw his arms about my neck and kissed me, as he bade me farewell!

And here is Timothy Merritt, wise, clear-headed, and strong; and Orange Scott, earnest, eloquent, and impulsive; and Abel Stevens, with his brilliant genius; and Father Taylor, with his knit brows and eye of fire. And here, too, are the Merrills and the Othemans, and Pickering, and the elder Peirce, and Kibbe, and Crandall, and Hascall, and Bridge, and Patten, and True.

And, with these, I see here the younger men, my own associates and intimate and loving personal friends, who entered the ministry with me, or who soon followed: — Savage, and Thayer, and Peirce, and Crowell, and Haven, and Cum-

mings, and Newhall. Here, did I say? Alas! no. The vision fades; they are all gone. They have finished their work and their warfare, and entered into their rest.

> "Beyond this stormy battle-field,
> They reign and triumph now."

Nobly they lived; calmly and serenely, or triumphantly, they died.

> "O may I triumph so,
> When all my warfare's past;
> And, dying, find my latest foe
> Under my feet at last!
>
> "This blessed word be mine,
> Just as the port is gained, —
> 'Kept by the power of grace divine,
> I have the faith maintained.'"